

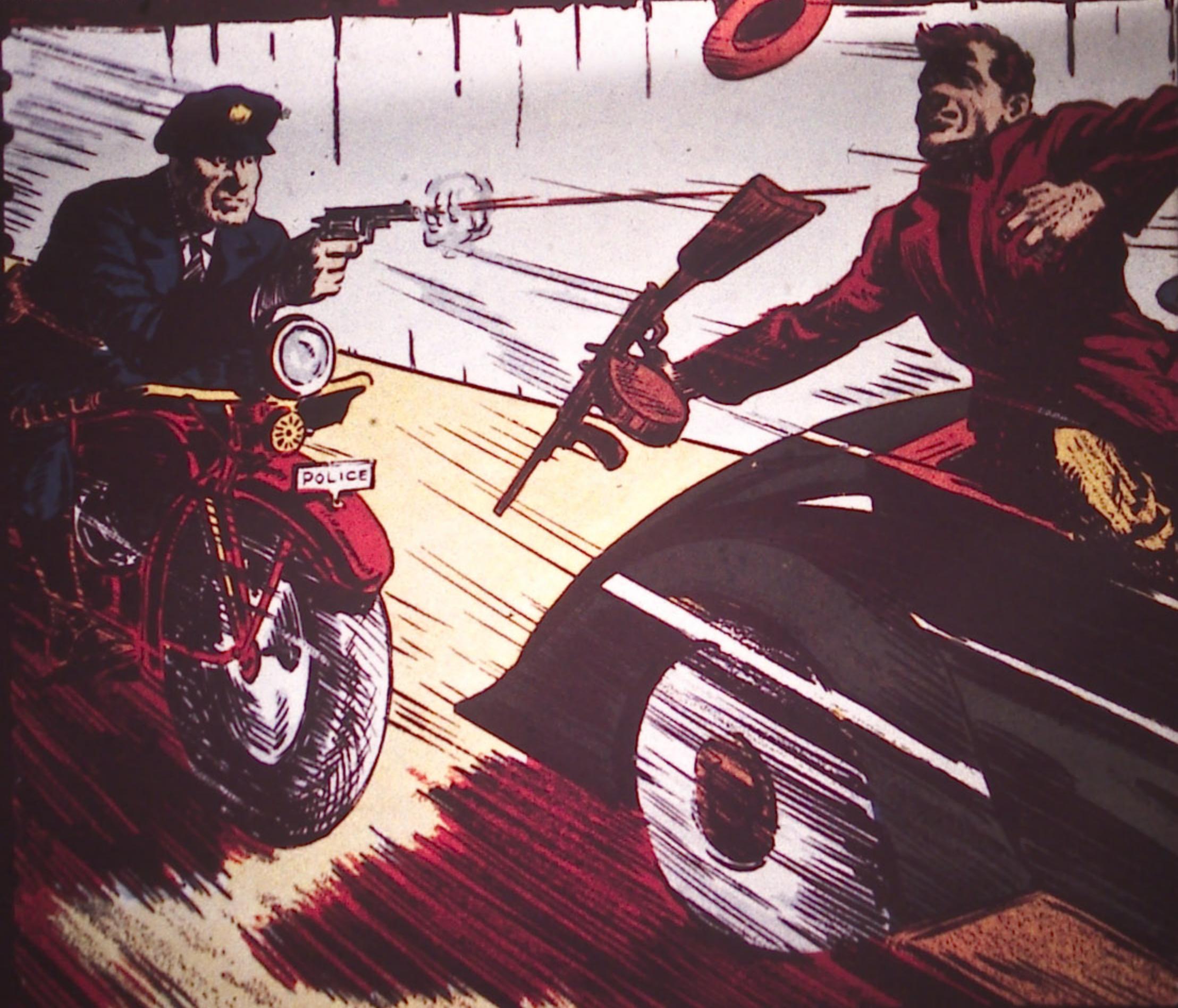
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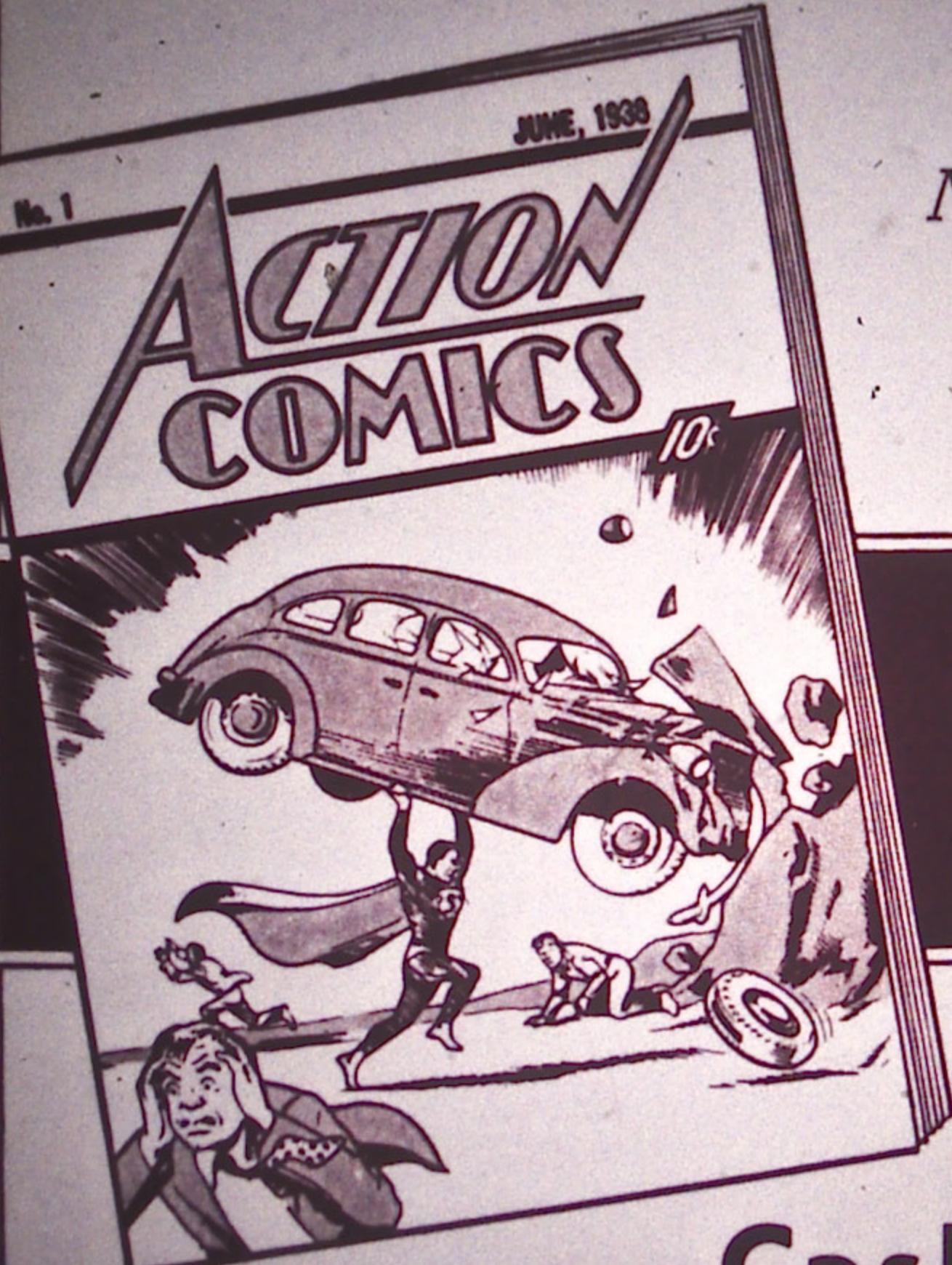
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VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

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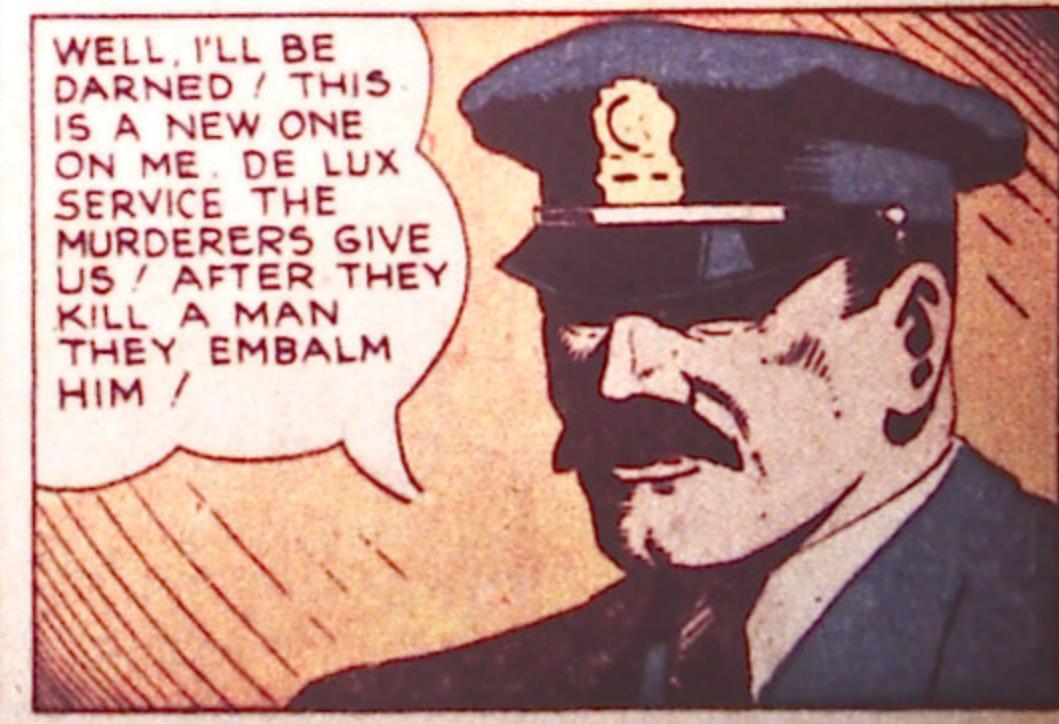
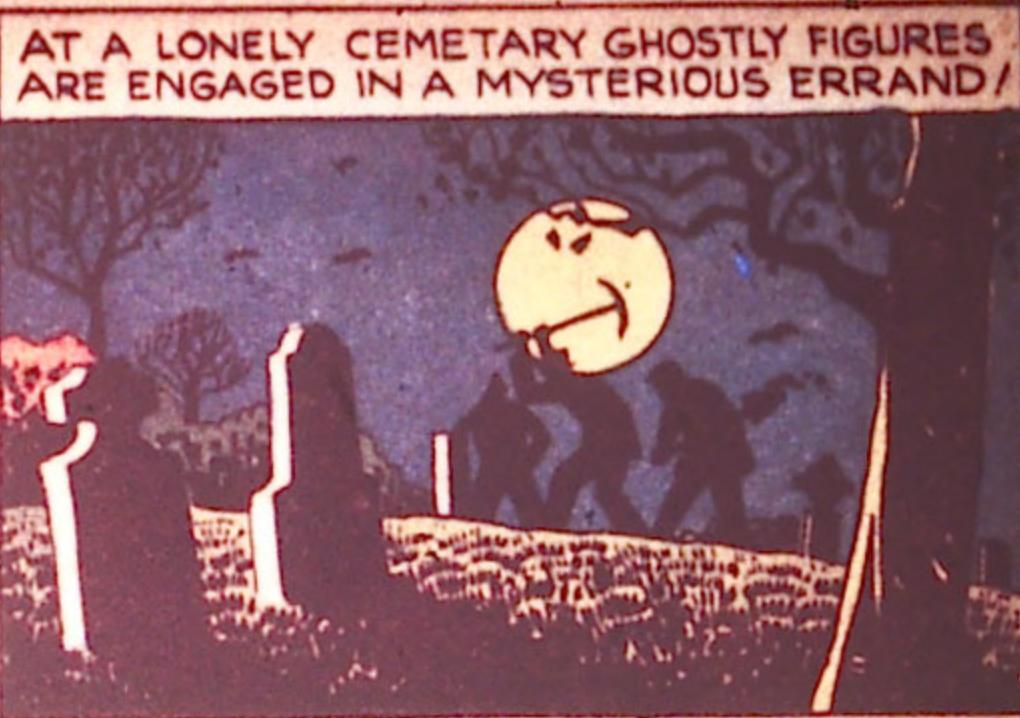
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SPEED SAUNDERS

AND THE CASE OF
THE MISSING CORPSE



BACK IN THE POLICE STATION

HAVE TWO OR THREE MEN
CHECK THE IDENTITY OF
THE BODY IF WE CAN
DISCOVER WHO HE IS
WE'LL FIND OUT
WHO KILLED
HIM

SAY SPEED. DO YOU SUPPOSE
THIS CORPSE HAS ANYTHING
TO DO WITH THE DIS-
APPEARANCE OF
HAWLEY THE
G-MAN?

MAYBE BUT HE
WAS ON THE TRAIL
OF MIKE BRUNO, THE
OPIUM SMUGGLER

WHAT DO YOU
THINK - HE'S
BEEN
BUMPED
OFF?

LOOKS THAT
WAY MIKE MUST
HAVE DISCOVERED
WHO HAWLEY WAS
AND KILLED HIM
AT ONCE!

WELL CHIEF WE FOUND
WHO THE DEAD MAN IS
NAME OF JOSEPH
BANNON. USED TO
LIVE WITH HIS FAMILY.
DIED LAST WEEK OF
PNEUMONIA. HE
HAD A SISTER -
MURDOCK'S
BRINGIN'
HER IN

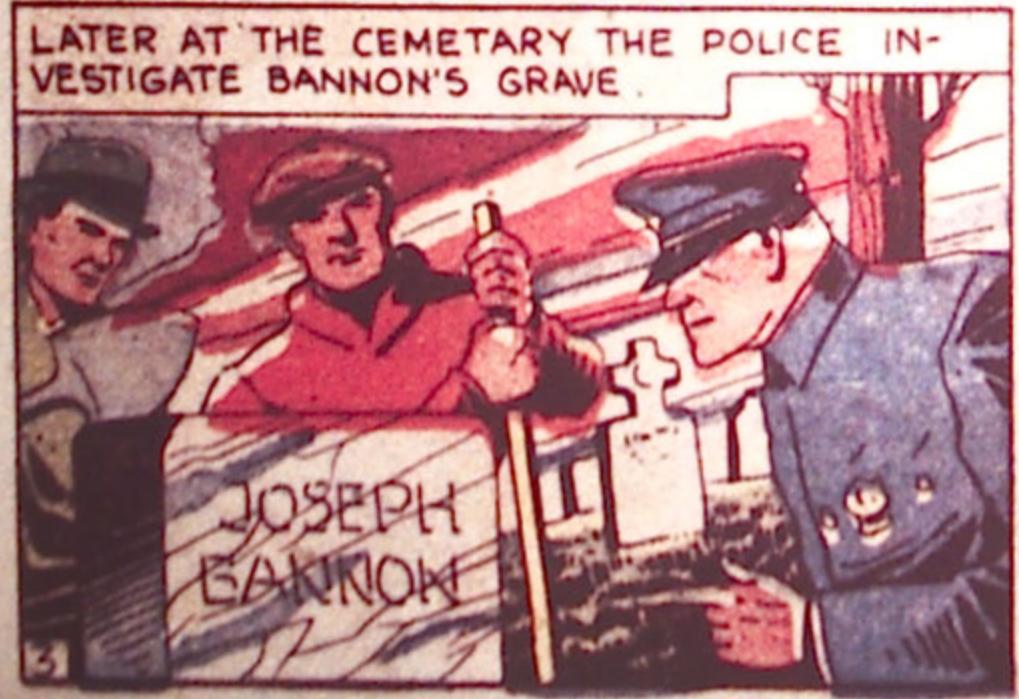
WHAT'S THE MEANING
OF THIS? CAN'T YOU
LEAVE MY BROTHER
ALONE AFTER
HE'S DEAD?

MY DEAR
YOUNG
LADY WE
DIDN'T KNOW-

YOU DIDN'T KNOW?
WHY DON'T YOU
FIND OUT BE-
FORE YOU DRAG
AN INNOCENT
BOY OUT OF
HIS GRAVE?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND MISS BANNON. THE
POLICE HAVEN'T OPENED ANY GRAVES. WE DIDN'T
KNOW WHO HE WAS UNTIL YOU TOLD US. WE FOUND
HIM IN A MANHOLE OUT ON
DIVISION STREET
THIS
MORNING!

I - I DIDN'T
KNOW. I
THOUGHT -
BUT WHO
DID OPEN
HIS GRAVE
THEN?



THE OPEN CASKET REVEALS A MUTILATED BODY SCARCELY RESEMBLING ANYTHING HUMAN !



WHY IT'S HAWLEY, THE MISSING G-MAN ! I RECOGNIZE HIS OLD BULLET SCAR !



I'M GOING BACK TO THAT MANHOLE WHERE THEY DUMPED BANNON'S BODY !



SPEED CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES A SUSPICIOUS GROUP OF MEN BUSY AT THE MANHOLE —



GUESS IT'S ONLY THE TELEPHONE GANG STILL AT WORK ! I'LL HAVE A CHAT WITH THEM



SAY, YOU FELLOWS WORK LATE, DON'T YOU ?



DON'T GET TO NEAR THAT MANHOLE - IT'S DANGEROUS !



SOMETHING'S FISHY HERE - SINCE WHEN DO SERVICE BOYS WEAR GOOD CLOTHES ON THE JOB ? GUESS I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THE TRUCK !



SPEED SPIES A BROKEN STRING OF BEADS TRICKLING OUT OF A TARPAULIN COVERED LUMP.



WHY YOU...!



NOW FOR YOU GUYS IN THE MANHOLE!



OW-W-W!

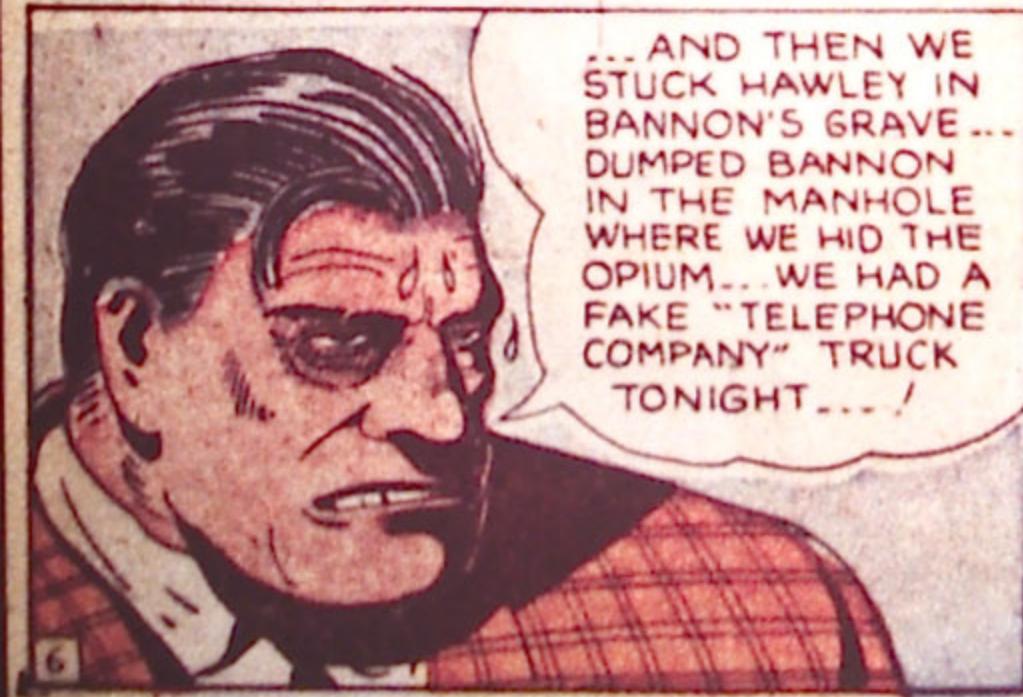
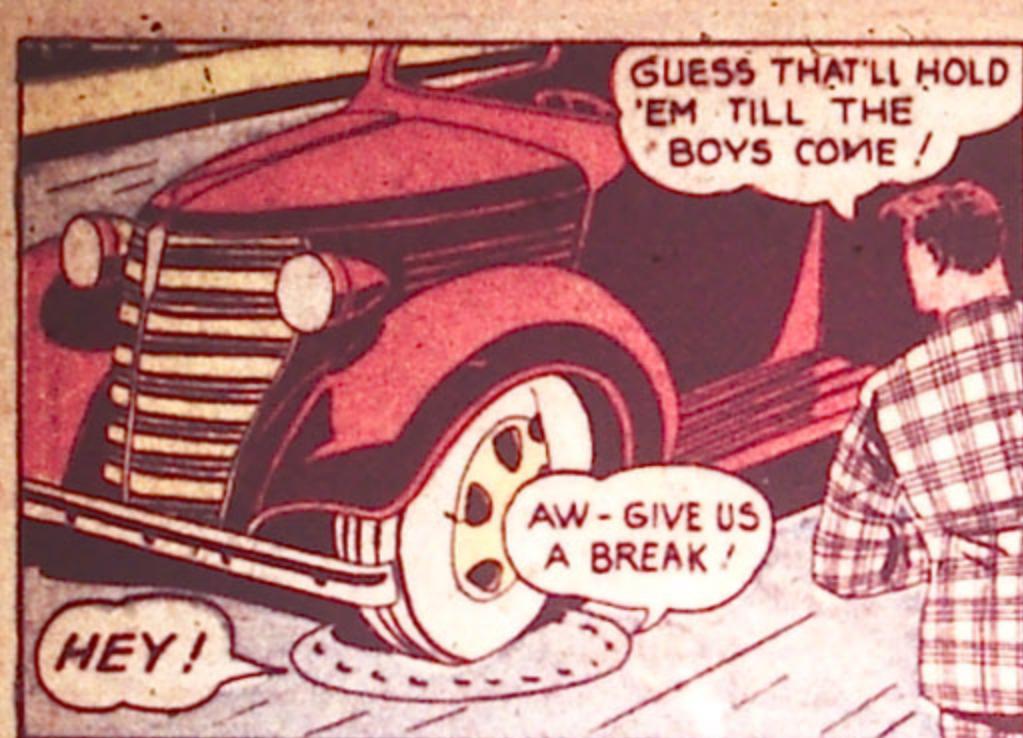


GUN IN HAND, SPEED QUICKLY TAKES CHARGE OF THE SITUATION —



C'MON, GET MOVING — ALL THREE OF YOU GET DOWN IN THERE!





BLACK TONY BARMACINO



DICTATOR OF THE DOPE DYNASTY

HE GOT HIS START "ROLLING" DRUNKS WHEN HE WAS A POOR KID ON THE BARBARY COAST —



AS A CAFE OWNER HE GAINED THE REPUTATION OF BEING A BIG HEARTED "RIGHT" GUY —



DOPE TAKES AN ANNUAL TOLL OF FIFTY MILLION FROM THE WEAKEST, MOST WRETCHED CREATURES OF THE UNDERWORLD — THE DOPE FIENDS — ONE IN EVERY 2000 PERSONS IN THE NATION IS CAUGHT —



BLACK TONY AS HE LAY DYING IN THE U.S. HOSPITAL FOR DEFECTIVE DELINQUENTS WHERE HE WAS TRANSFERRED FROM LEAVENWORTH —



UNLUKE MOST CROOKS HE WAS NOT DEFIDENT, BUT FRIENDLY WITH THE LAW —



DURING PROHIBITION HE OWNED FOUR SHIPS THAT RAN ILLEGAL LIQUOR BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND SHANGHAI, CHINA —



SMALL FRY CROOKS OFTEN HAD TO TAKE THE RAP TO KEEP THE "HEAT" OFF TONY — ONE OF THESE "RATTED" AND DELIVERED HIM INTO THE HANDS OF THE F.B.I. —



LARRY STEELE PRIVATE DETECTIVE

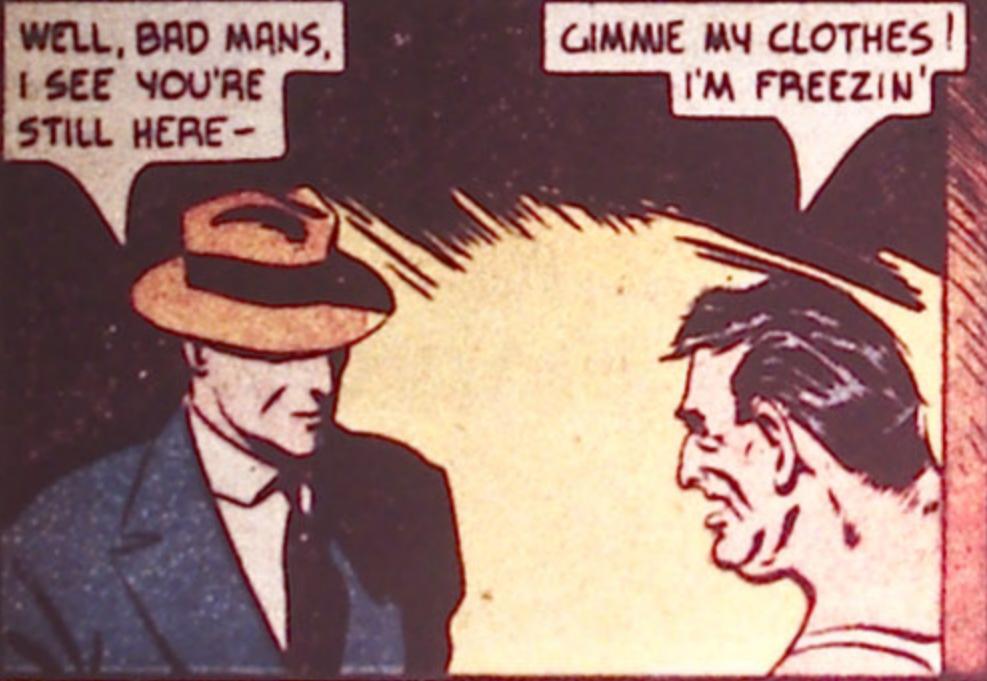
by Will Eisner

LARRY WAS KIDNAPPED AND TIED UP TO BURN IN A WAREHOUSE- THE GANGSTERS WERE PLOTTING IT TO LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT AND TO USE HIS CORPSE AS THAT OF THE NIGHT WATCHMAN WHOM THEY HAVE MURDERED- THEN THEY WOULD COLLECT INSURANCE ON IMITATION PERSIAN RUGS WHICH REPLACED THE REAL GOODS THEY HAVE REMOVED FROM THE WAREHOUSE AND WOULD SELL FOR A HANDSOME PRICE-

BUT LARRY MANAGES TO ESCAPE AND TURN TWO OF THE THUGS OVER TO THE POLICE- THE LEADER HE LEFT TIED UP IN THE WAREHOUSE- WE SEE HIM ON HIS WAY THERE NOW--



LARRY REACHES THE PLACE AND RACES UP STAIRS-



LARRY FIRES BUT MISSES - "SNOW" RUSHES HIM - -



THEY GO INTO A SCRANBLE ON THE FLOOR - A KERO-
SENE LANTERN IS OVERTURNED -



THE OIL-SOAKED RUGS CATCH FIRE IMMEDIATELY -



"SNOW" DELIVERS A STUNNING BLOW TO LARRY'S
HEAD AND BREAKS FREE -



IN A DAZE, LARRY AGAIN OPENS FIRE AT "SNOW" -



"SNOW" IS UNABLE TO MAKE THE DOWN STAIRS BE-
CAUSE OF LARRY'S RAIN OF FIRE -



HE TURNS AND DASHES MADLY UP THE REAR STAIRS -



THE PLACE IS A MASS OF FLAMES - LARRY JUMPS
TO HIS FEET AND MAKES AFTER HIM -



AS "SNOW" REACHES THE NEXT FLOOR, HE GRABS A
HUGE CRATE AND SENDS IT HURTLING DOWN THE STAIRS



LARRY SEE'S IT AND LEAPS TO AVOID IT--



HE GRABS THE RAILING AND PULLS HIMSELF UP--



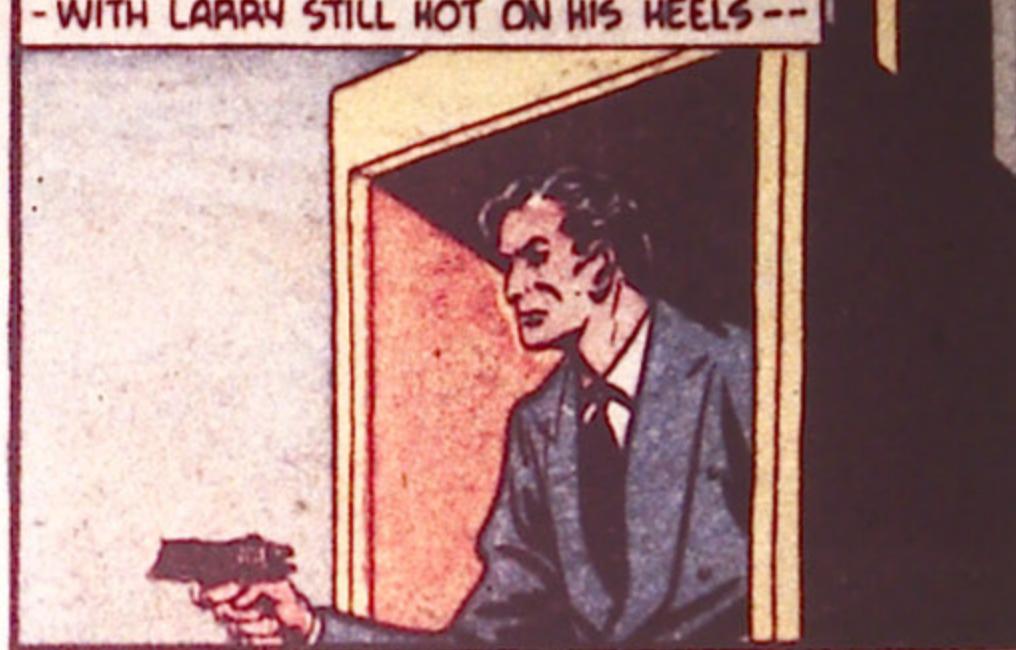
THE FLOOR BELOW IS A RAGING INFERNO BY NOW--
SMOKE IS FILLING THE BUILDING--



"SNOW" TAKES TO THE ROOF IN HIS DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE--



- WITH LARRY STILL HOT ON HIS HEELS --



"SNOW" REACHES THE EDGE AND LEAPS TO A FIRE ESCAPE WHICH HAS AN ADJUSTABLE CAT WALK TO ANOTHER PORTION OF THE WAREHOUSE--



HE PULLS THE WALK IN AFTER HE REACHES THE OTHER SIDE--



BUT IN DOING SO HE MAKES A TARGET FOR LAPPY'S AUTOMATIC -



CRIPES! THE RAT GOT ME IN THE ARM!!



HE STILL IS ABLE TO FLEE AND DOES SO INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE FOURTH STORY -



THE BLAZE IS RAGING UNDER LAPPY - AT ANY MOMENT THE BUILDING MAY COLLAPSE - HIS DESCENT IS CUT OFF -



I'LL HAVE TO JUMP FOR THAT FIRE ESCAPE!



HE LEAPS AND NONE TOO SOON - A CRASH BELOW TELLS HIM THE BUILDING IS GOING --



FOUR STORIES UP! BELOW CERTAIN DEATH! HE GRABS FRANTICALLY AND CATCHES THE RAIL OF THE FIRE ESCAPE



HE DARTS IN THE WINDOW TO HEAR THE WALL OF THE BUILDING HE HAS JUST DESERTED CRASH TO THE GROUND



A MASS OF BURNING TIMBER AND INFLAMMABLE MERCHANDISE GOES DOWN IGNITING THE ADJACENT BUILDING.



"SNOW" DASHES DOWNSTAIRS WEEPING CRAZILY FROM HIS LOSS OF STRENGTH -



BUT AGAIN THE FIRE HAS CUT HIM OFF - HE LOOKS WILDLY ABOUT HIM -



HE HEARS LARRY DESCENDING THE STAIRS --



"SNOW" STARS ACROSS THE ROOM - THE FLAMES HAVE ALREADY WEAKENED THE FLOOR -



SURE ENOUGH HIS WEIGHT IS TOO MUCH AND HE CRASHES DOWN ---



TO THE NEXT FLOOR WHERE HE IS PINIONED BY FALLING BLAZING TIMBER -



STEELE! STEELE!!
SAVE ME !!! DON'T
LET ME DIE !!!



HE CRASHED THRU THE FLOOR - I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM TO LEARN WHERE THE STOLEN RUGS ARE HIDDEN !

STEELE !!
SAVE ME !!

SHUT UP!
I'M COMING!

I'M HERE ! THE FIRES GETTING CLOSER !! I CAN'T MOVE !!!

LARRY REACHES HIM AND PULLS OFF THE BLAZING TIMBERS -

CAN'T YOU WALK ?

NO-- MY LEGS ARE BROKEN-- OH STEELE SAVE ME !

LARRY DRAGS HIM OUT TO THE HALL FROM WHICH THERE IS ESCAPE -

NOW, YOU RAT!
WHERE ARE THOSE RUGS HIDDEN ?

OH-- GET ME OUT OF HERE -

NOT UNTIL YOU TALK !
DON'T FORGET THIS WAS TO BE MY END - YOU COULD EASILY TAKE MY PLACE -

NO! NO!
I'LL TALK !

"SNOW TALKS TO SAVE HIS LIFE -

OK, NOW WE'LL SCRAM -

THE POLICE AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS HAVE ARRIVED -

CHIEF, HERE'S A HUMAN WRECK I SAVED FROM BURNING - I THOUGHT THE STATE REALLY SHOULD ATTEND TO THAT -



COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

• • ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN • •

LATE ONE NIGHT THE DOOR BELL RINGS TO COSMO'S APARTMENT.



IT'S DEANE, CURATOR OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

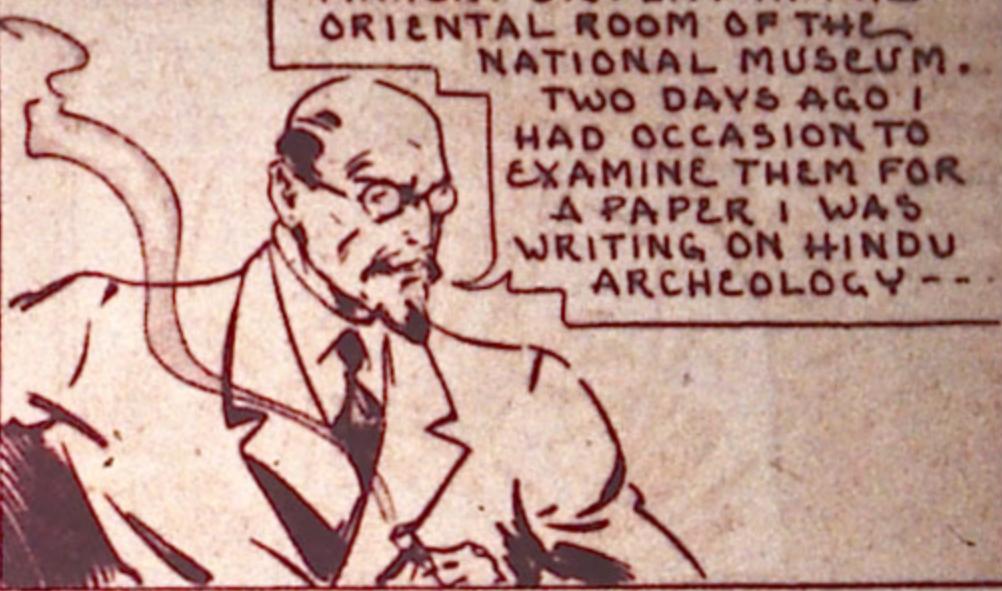


IF YOU REMEMBER, ON OUR TRIP TO INDIA LAST WINTER I BROUGHT BACK A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF STONES AND JEWELS FROM THE ANCIENT GRAVE OF THE RHANG PU RULER.

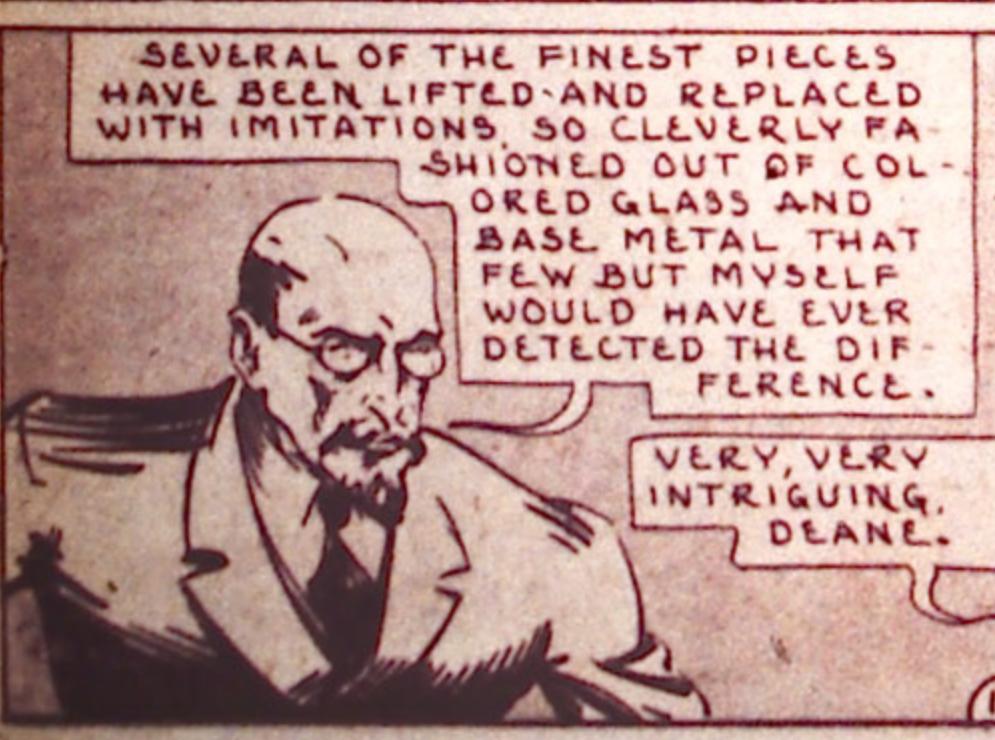


THEY WERE PLACED ON PERMANENT DISPLAY IN THE ORIENTAL ROOM OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

TWO DAYS AGO I HAD OCCASION TO EXAMINE THEM FOR A PAPER I WAS WRITING ON HINDU ARCHEOLOGY --



SEVERAL OF THE FINEST PIECES HAVE BEEN LIFTED AND REPLACED WITH IMITATIONS, SO CLEVERLY FA-SHIONED OUT OF COLORED GLASS AND BASE METAL THAT FEW BUT MYSELF WOULD HAVE EVER DETECTED THE DIFFERENCE.



VERY, VERY INTRIGUING, DEANE.

WE ARE DEALING WITH A UNIQUE AND HIGHLY CLEVER THIEF, DEANE. I'LL COME DOWN TO THE MUSEUM IN THE MORNING AND LOOK AROUND.



I THOUGHT IT BEST
WE KEEP IT TO OUR-
SELVES FOR THE
TIME BEING --

QUITE RIGHT DEANE.
IT'S ALL TO OUR AD-
VANTAGE - TIME E-
NOUGH TO BROADCAST
THE NEWS LATER.

NEXT DAY COSMO ENTERS THE MUSEUM
AS ONE OF THE PUBLIC VISITORS.

HE CASUALLY TALKS WITH THE GUARDS
AND ATTENDANTS.

OH YES, SIR, EVERY
PERSON IS CHECKED
ENTERING AND LEAVING
THE BUILDING AND E-
VERY ROOM IS CHECKED
ON THE NIGHTLY
ROUNDS OF THE WATCH-
MEN.

WINDOWS AND
DOORS TOO, ARE
ALL BURGLAR
ALARMED--

WELL, NOT
MUCH CHANCE
FOR BURGLARY,
I'D SAY.

COSMO ENTERS THE GREAT HALL OF ORI-
ENTAL ART.

AH, HERE'S THE
CASE.
BEAUTIFULLY
FAKED, INDEED.

LATER HE CALLS AT DEANE'S OFFICE IN
THE MUSEUM.

COSMO, THIS IS
MISTER KORENSKY, PLEASED TO HAVE YOUR
PRESIDENT OF THE AID IN THIS BAFFLING
MUSEUM.

I AM EXCELLINGLY
PLEASED TO HAVE YOUR
PRESIDENT OF THE AID IN THIS BAFFLING
MUSEUM.

I LOOKED OVER
THE PLACE ALONE
SO AS NOT TO SEEM
IN ANY WAY CON-
NECTED WITH
THE MUSEUM.

AND WHAT HAVE
YOU DISCOVERED,
COSMO?--

ONLY A VERY
PERFECT JOB,
GENTLEMEN.
MY FIRST SUSPIC-
IONS POINT TO THE
WATCHMEN OR
ATTENDANTS.

THAT'S QUITE A FORCE,
COSMO, AT LEAST FIF-
TEEN OR TWENTY PER-
SONS INVOLVED

I SUGGEST WE ASK
THE POLICE TO
SECRETLY
CHECK ON
THEM

GOOD IDEA -
IN THE MEAN-
TIME I'LL THINK
OUT SOME WAY
TO TACKLE
THIS CASE.

WHILE THE THREE MEN ARE STILL IN
CONSULTATION A CLERK ENTERS WITH
A MESSAGE.

WE'VE JUST RECEIV- OH, YES-YES,
ED A CONSIGNMENT THAT'S MAC PHER-
OF JEWELRY FROM SON'S EXPEDITION
PROFESSOR MAC IN PERU. THEY'RE EX-
PHERSON, CAVATING AN OLD IN-
SIR. A TEMPLE DISCOVER-
ED IN THE
INTERIOR.

HM! ONE OF THE
FINEST COLLECT-
IONS I'VE EVER
SEEN. MUST BE
WORTH A GOOD
200 000-

WHAT WILL
YOU DO WITH
IT?

AS SOON AS CLAS-
SIFIED WE'LL
PLACE IT IN OUR
EXHIBITION
ROOMS -
PROBABLY NEXT
WEEK SOME
TIME.

TWO WEEKS OF FRUITLESS WORK ELAPSE
- THEN, ONE NIGHT, AS THE WATCHMAN ON
HIS ROUNDS ENTERS THE AZTEC ROOM-

THE LIGHTS DIM--- OUT OF THE DARK-
NESS A HORRIBLE LAUGH - A FIENDISH
APPARITION EMERGES, GROWING TO GI-
GANTIC PROPORTIONS.



A BLOODCURDLING SHRIEK RENDS THE
GLOOMY CORRIDORS.



THE NIGHT SUPERINTENDENT AND HIS
ASSISTANT FIND THEIR WATCHMAN GIB-
BERING HYSTERICALLY.

H-H-HE'S COME F-F-FOR
ME - IT'S A-A CURSE F-F-
FROM THE M-MUMMY IN
T-T-THE

THE WATCHMAN IS TAKEN AWAY SUFFER-
ING FROM SHOCK.



DEANE RUSHES TO COSMO'S QUARTERS AND INFORMS HIM OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THE NIGHT.

WELL, THIS IS BAFFLING IN THE EXTREME, DEANE.



I'VE A HUNCH, DEANE -- TAKE A LOOK AT THE INCA JEWELS IN THE MORNING AND LET ME KNOW IF THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG. IN THE MEAN-TIME SUPPRESS ANY REPORT OF THE NIGHT'S HAPPENING.

NEXT DAY DEANE CALLS COSMO TO MEET HIM AT THE CLUB.

COSMO, YOU ARE RIGHT. THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG. THE INCA JEWELS ARE BEING STOLEN AND REPLACED WITH FAKES.



I THOUGHT SO -- LEAVE THINGS AS THEY ARE. I'VE AN IDEA I WANT TO WORK OUT ALONE. IF IT SUCCEEDS I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU -- DON'T EVEN TELL KORENSKY.



THE FOLLOWING DAY, A SUNDAY, THE MUSEUM IS CROWDED WITH VISITORS.



SUDDENLY AN EXPLOSION REVERBERATES THROUGH THE HALLS - PANIC SEIZES THE CROWDS.



IN THE ENSUING PANDEMONIUM A FIGURE SLIPS UNNOTICED INTO THE BUILDING.



THE CROWDS ARE PLACATED AS ORDER IS RESTORED.

WHY IT'S ONLY A HARMLESS FIRE-CRACKER --

I BET SOME KIDS MUST HAVE SET IT OFF.



AS EIGHT O'CLOCK APPROACHES THE CLOSING BELL RINGS THROUGH THE BUILDING.

ALL OUT!
ALL OUT!



NO ONE HAS NOTICED IN THE DUSK WHERE THE STRANGER HAS CREEPT INTO AN ENORMOUS MEXICAN OLLA IN THE AZTEC ROOM.



AT LAST ALL IS QUIET IN THE GREAT BUILDING, A LOW LIGHT TENDING ONLY TO INTENSIFY THE DARK RECESSSES.



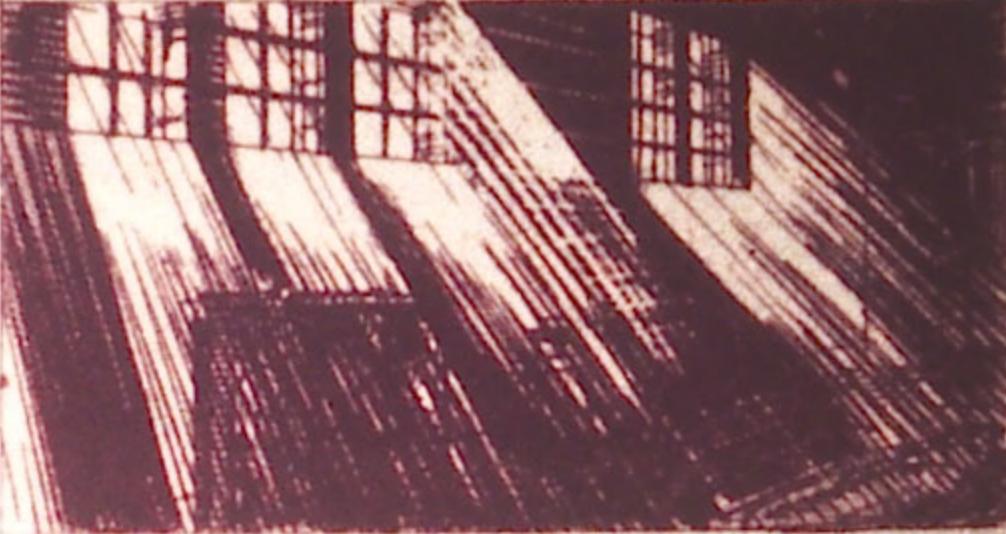
AFTER AN INTERMINABLE WHILE THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS APPROACH AS ONE OF THE NIGHT-WATCHMEN DRAWS CLOSER.



THE OLD MAN REPORTS AT THE ALARM BOX AND CONTINUES ON.



A FEW MINUTES ELAPSE WHEN THE LIGHT SUDDENLY GOES OUT IN THE BIG ROOM WITH ONLY THE MOONBEAMS STREAMING IN THROUGH THE WINDOWS.



THEN - A SLIGHT, CREAKING SOUND ARISES FROM ONE OF THE LARGE OBJECTS IN THE FAR CORNER OF THE HALL.



SLOWLY THE WRAPPED FORM OF A MUMMY BEGINS TO MOVE - FROM UNDER IT ARISES A FANTASTIC FIGURE - IT MOVES TOWARD THE CASE CONTAINING THE INCA JEWELS.



IT CAREFULLY RAISES THE GLASS CASE AND REMOVES SEVERAL GOLD OBJECTS, REPLACING THEM WITH SIMILAR ONES PULLED FROM THE FOLDS OF IT'S WRAPPINGS.



JUST THEN THE OLD WATCHMAN RETURNS - THE APPARITION TURNS IT'S HIDLOUS FACE AND EMITS A RATTLING CROAK AS IT GROWS TO A FANTASTIC HEIGHT.



WITHOUT A SOUND THE OLD MAN FALLS LIFELESS TO THE FLOOR, HIS GLASSY EYES BULGING FROM HIS HEAD.



NOISELESSLY ANOTHER DARK FIGURE MOVES IN THE SHADOWS - SUDDENLY AN OBJECT HURLES THROUGH THE AIR, CATCHING THE APPARITION BACK OF THE HEAD.



THE DARK FIGURE IS COSMO - QUICKLY HE REACHES THE STRANGE FORM. GRABBING THE WATCHMAN'S LIGHT HE RIPS THE COVERING OFF THE FALLEN SHAPE, IN THE MEANTIME RAISING THE ALARM.

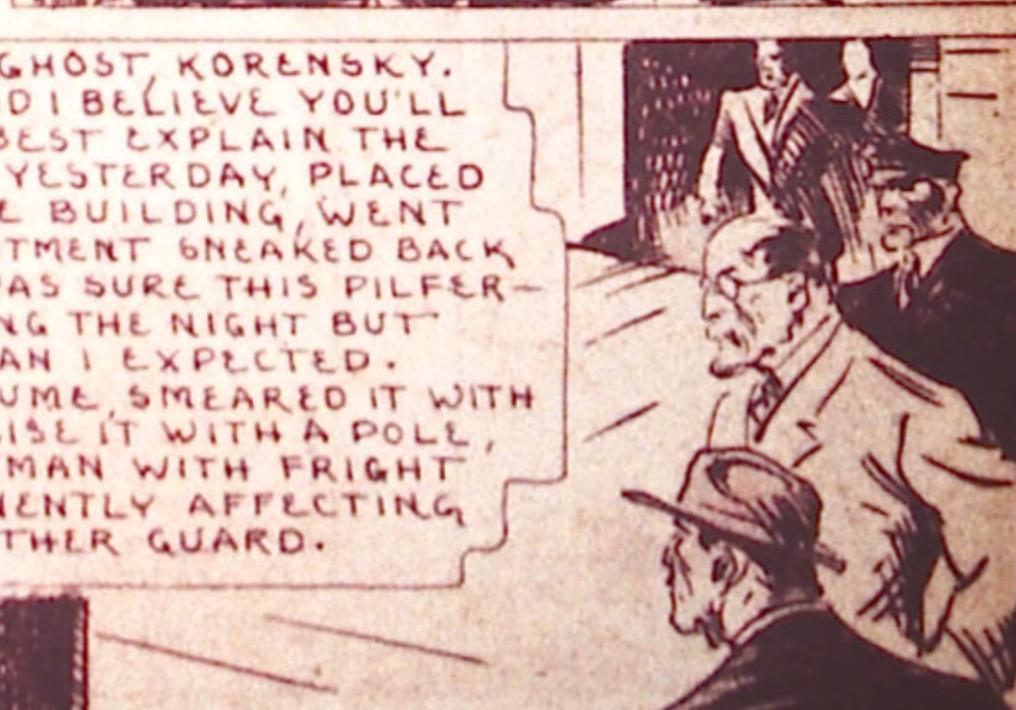
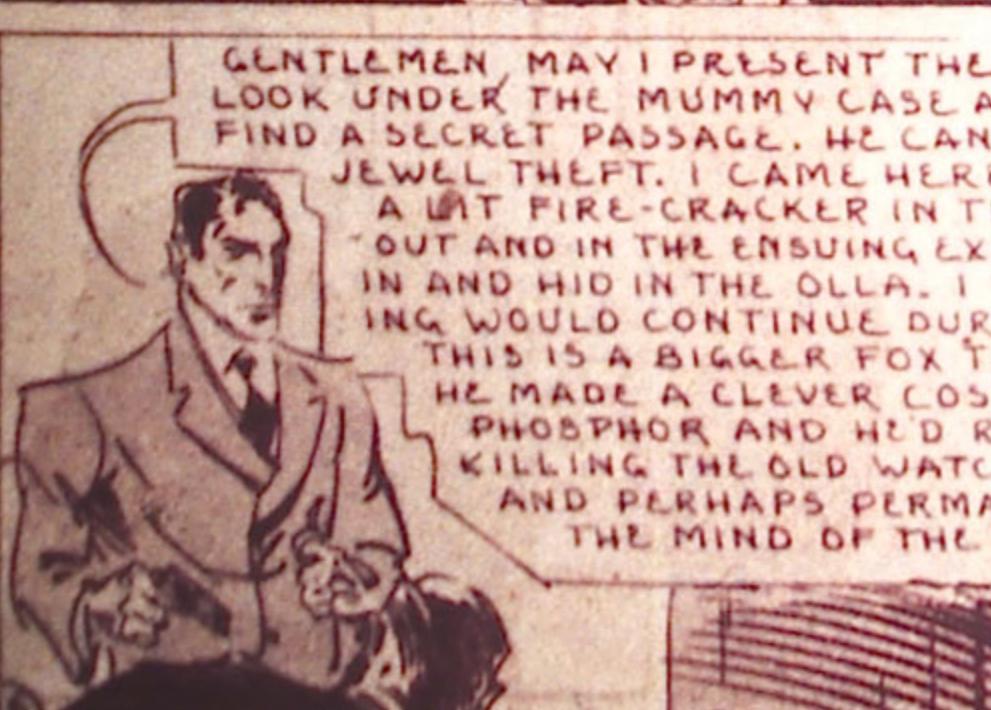


HELLOH! QUICK, SOMEBODY, TURN ON THE LIGHTS!



GENTLEMEN, MAY I PRESENT THE GHOST KORENSKY. LOOK UNDER THE MUMMY CASE AND I BELIEVE YOU'LL FIND A SECRET PASSAGE. HE CAN BEST EXPLAIN THE JEWEL THEFT. I CAME HERE YESTERDAY, PLACED A LIT FIRE-CRACKER IN THE BUILDING, WENT OUT AND IN THE ENSUING EXCITEMENT SNEAKED BACK IN AND HID IN THE OLLA. I WAS SURE THIS PILFERING WOULD CONTINUE DURING THE NIGHT BUT THIS IS A BIGGER FOX THAN I EXPECTED.

HE MADE A CLEVER COSTUME, SMEARED IT WITH PHOSPHOR AND HE'D RAISE IT WITH A POLE, KILLING THE OLD WATCHMAN WITH FRIGHT AND PERHAPS PERMANENTLY AFFECTING THE MIND OF THE OTHER GUARD.



TOO MANY CROOKS

part · 3

by
Tom Hickey.

MR. PARSONS AND I HAD PLANNED THAT IF EVER WE SHOULD ENCOUNTER THE JEWEL THIEVES AT THE SAME TIME, I WOULD PULL A BLANK GUN ON HIM AND SUPPOSEDLY KILL HIM.



WE FIGURED THIS WOULD KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE. FIRST, IT WOULD PROBABLY SCARE OFF ANY FUTURE ATTEMPT AT STEALING THE OMAR DIAMOND FOR FEAR OF BEING IMPLICATED IN THE MURDER.



AND AT THE SAME TIME DIVERTED SUSPICION FROM ME AS A POSSIBLE AID OF PARSONS.



HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO BE IN PARSON'S ROOM AT THE TIME OF THE ROBBERY. HOW DID YOU KNOW WHEN THE JOB WOULD BE PULLED?



I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK AWAYS TO TELL YOU THAT.



I FINALLY BOILED MY CAST OF SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS DOWN TO FOUR PEOPLE.— JILL BARDEN AND HER ACCOMPLICE, MRS. JESSUP, AND TWO NOTORIOUS CROOKS, COLLINS AND STRAFACCHI.



I BECAME SUSPICIOUS OF MISS BARDEN AND HER SUPPOSED AUNT, WHEN THEY DISPLAYED SUCH AN INTEREST IN MR. PARSONS.



THEY JUST ABOUT BROKE THEIR NECKS TRYING TO MEET HIM, AND AFTER THAT THE OLDER WOMAN WAS CONSTANTLY IN HIS COMPANY.



THEN ONE NIGHT THERE WAS A FIRE ALARM. IT TURNED OUT TO BE FALSE. I WAS QUITE SURE THERE WAS A REASON FOR IT. IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT.



DURING THE TURMOIL ON DECK I STOOD NEAR THE STAIRS WHICH MISS BARDEN WOULD HAVE TO COME DOWN TO REACH THE DECK. SHE DIDN'T SHOW UP!



DID YOU SEE THE OLDER WOMAN AND COLLINS AND STRAFACCHI, YOUR OTHER SUSPECTS, ON DECK?

YES, THEY WERE, SO THAT MORE OR LESS ABSOLVES THEM.



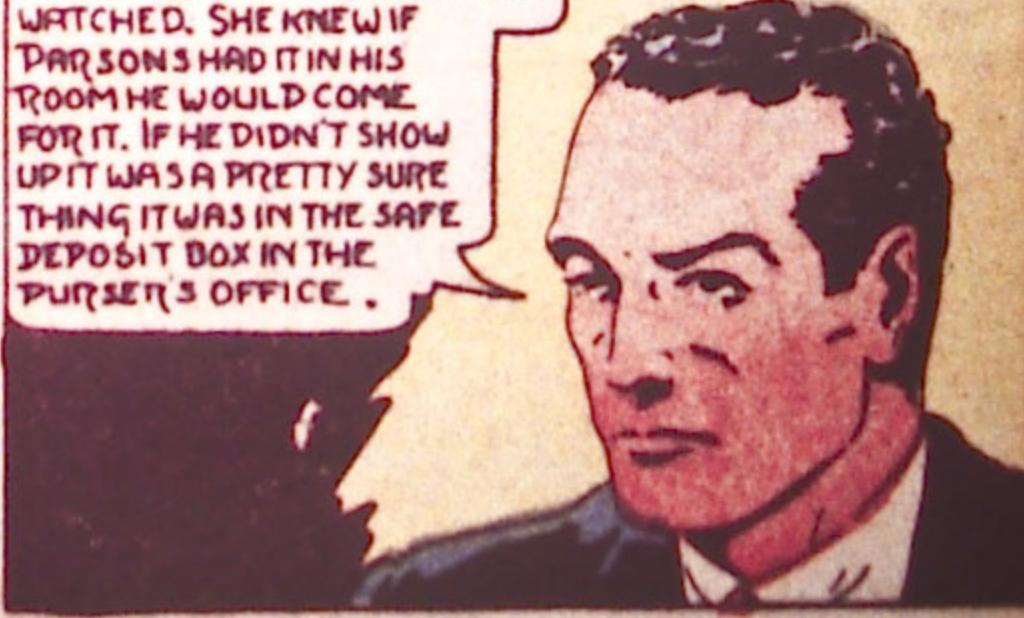
SUDDENLY THE WHOLE SET UP CAME TO ME. THERE WAS A FIRE ALARM BOX NEXT TO MISS BARDEN'S STATEROOM AND PARSONS ROOM WAS DIRECTLY ACROSS THE HALL.



SHE PROBABLY FIGURED THAT IF THERE WAS A FIRE ALARM, PARSONS WOULD GO FOR THE DIAMOND IMMEDIATELY.

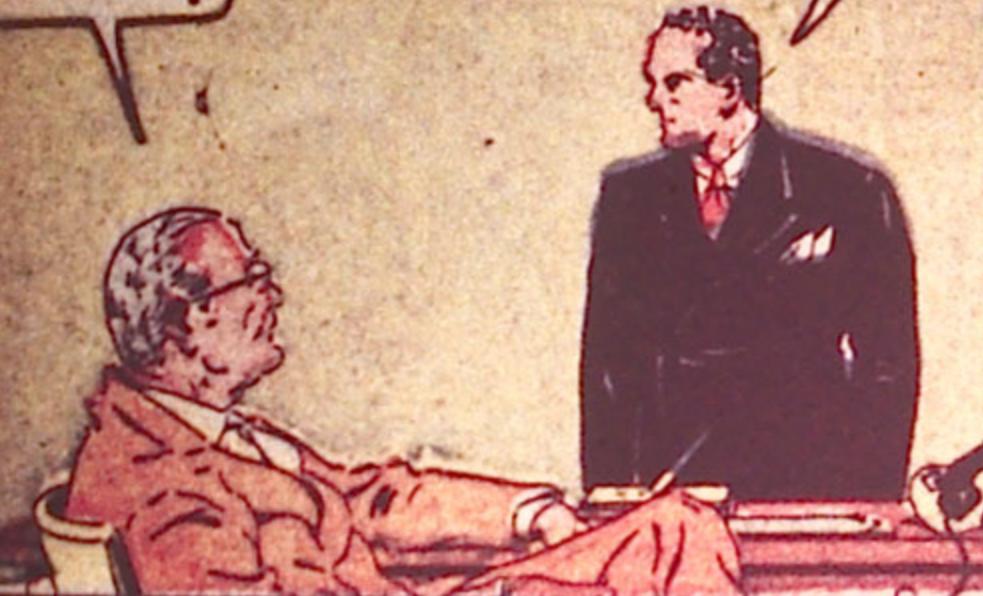


AFTER SHE RANG THE ALARM SHE DUCKED IN HER ROOM AND WATCHED. SHE KNEW IF PARSONS HAD IT IN HIS ROOM HE WOULD COME FOR IT. IF HE DIDN'T SHOW UP IT WAS A PRETTY SURE THING IT WAS IN THE SAFE DEPOSIT BOX IN THE PURSER'S OFFICE.



A PRETTY SLICK MOVE
WASN'T IT ?

YES, VERY CLEVER.



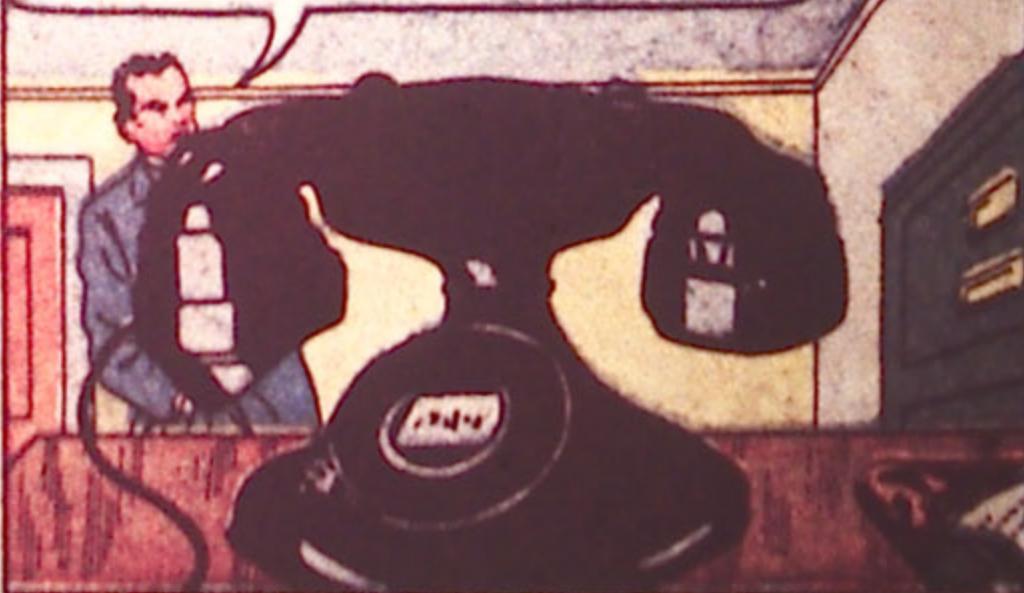
IN AS MUCH AS THE TRIP WAS NEARING ITS END I FIGURED THE JOB WOULD BE PULLED THE NEXT NIGHT DURING THE COSTUME BALL WHEN MOST EVERYONE WAS IN THE BALLROOM.



SO I STUCK TO PAT LIKE GLUE THAT EVENING. WHEN SHE ASKED TO BE EXCUSED, SAYING SHE HAD A HEADACHE AND WISHED TO LIE DOWN, I WAS PRETTY SURE THINGS WERE GOING TO POP.



I SIGNALLED MR. PARSONS AND HE MANAGED TO TEAR HIMSELF AWAY FROM THE OTHER WOMAN.



THAT'S RIGHT. THEN I ENTERED MY STATEROOM AND CAUGHT MISS BARDEN WITH THE OMAR DIAMOND.



THEN NELSON HERE BURST INTO THE ROOM PRETENDING TO BE AFTER THE DIAMOND ALSO.



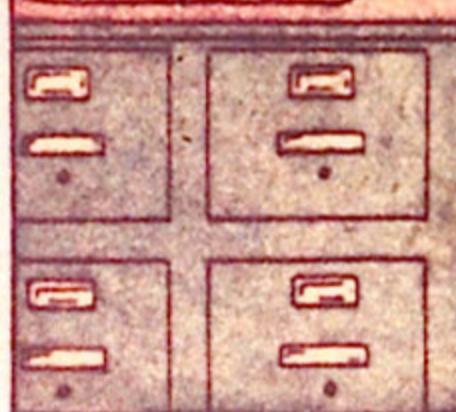
I DEMANDED THAT MR. PARSONS GIVE ME THE JEWEL. WHEN HE REFUSED I FIRED AT HIM WITH THE BLANK GUN.



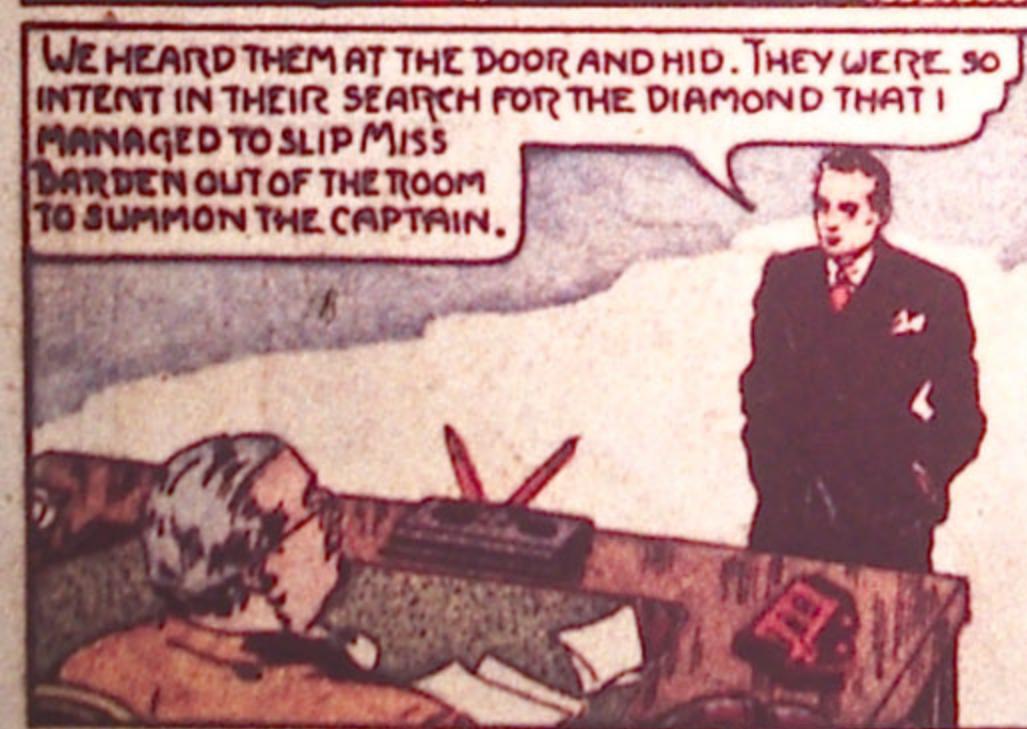
I KNEW THAT COLLINS AND STRAFFACHI WOULD BE AFTER THE DIAMOND EVENTUALLY SO I WANTED TO GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY SO I WOULD HAVE A CLEARFIELD TO WORK ON MISS BARDEN AND MRS. JESSUP.



COLLINS AND STRAFFACHI MADE THEIR MOVE SOONER THAN I EXPECTED. THEY CAME AFTER THE DIAMOND WHILE WE WERE STILL IN THE ROOM.



WE HEARD THEM AT THE DOOR AND HID. THEY WERE SO INTENT IN THEIR SEARCH FOR THE DIAMOND THAT I MANAGED TO SLIP MISS BARDEN OUT OF THE ROOM TO SUMMON THE CAPTAIN.

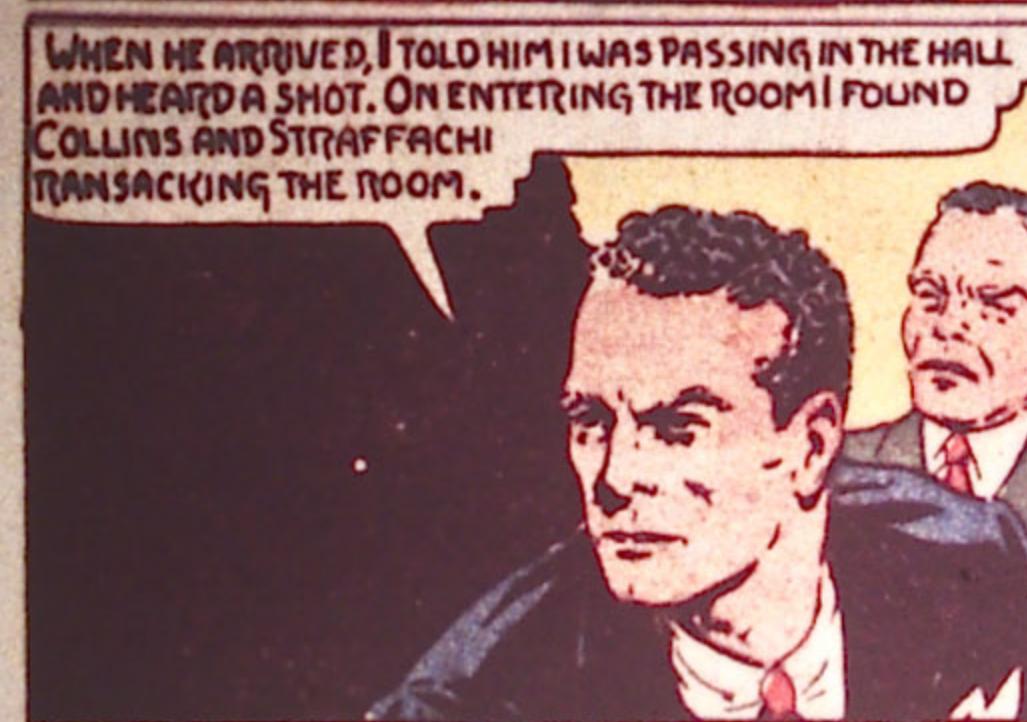


THE CAPTAIN WAS IN ON THIS WITH YOU AND PARSONS, WASN'T HE ?

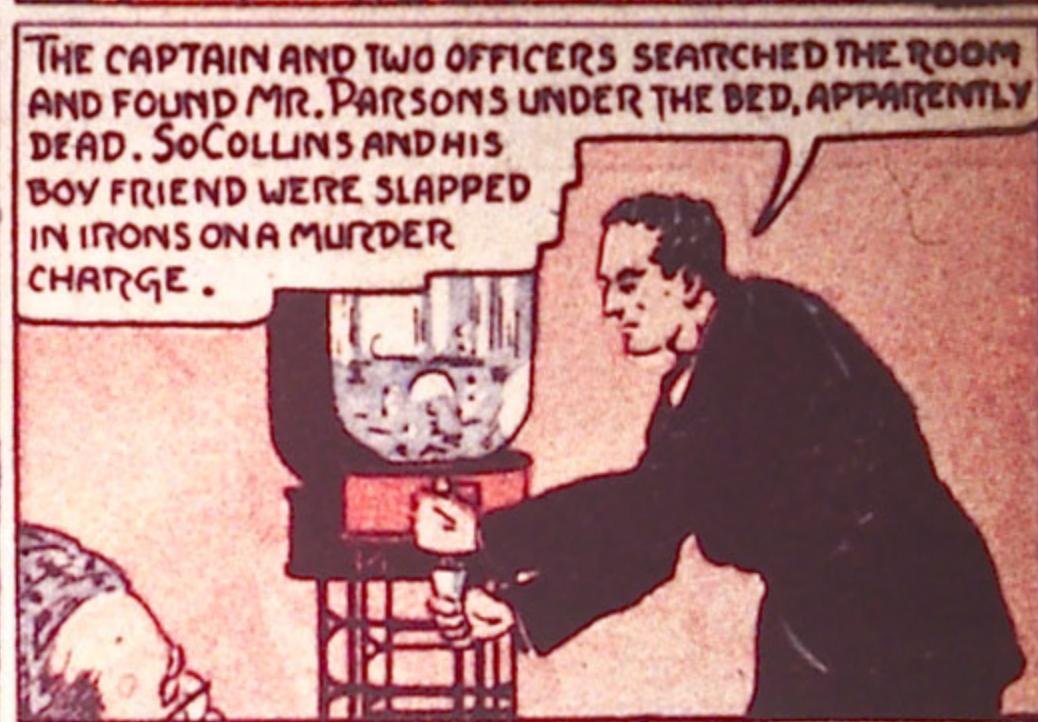
YES, I NEEDED HIS HELP.



WHEN HE ARRIVED, I TOLD HIM I WAS PASSING IN THE HALL AND HEARD A SHOT. ON ENTERING THE ROOM I FOUND COLLINS AND STRAFFACHI TRANSACKING THE ROOM.



THE CAPTAIN AND TWO OFFICERS SEARCHED THE ROOM AND FOUND MR. PARSONS UNDER THE BED, APPARENTLY DEAD. SO COLLINS AND HIS BOY FRIEND WERE SLAPPED IN IRONS ON A MURDER CHARGE.

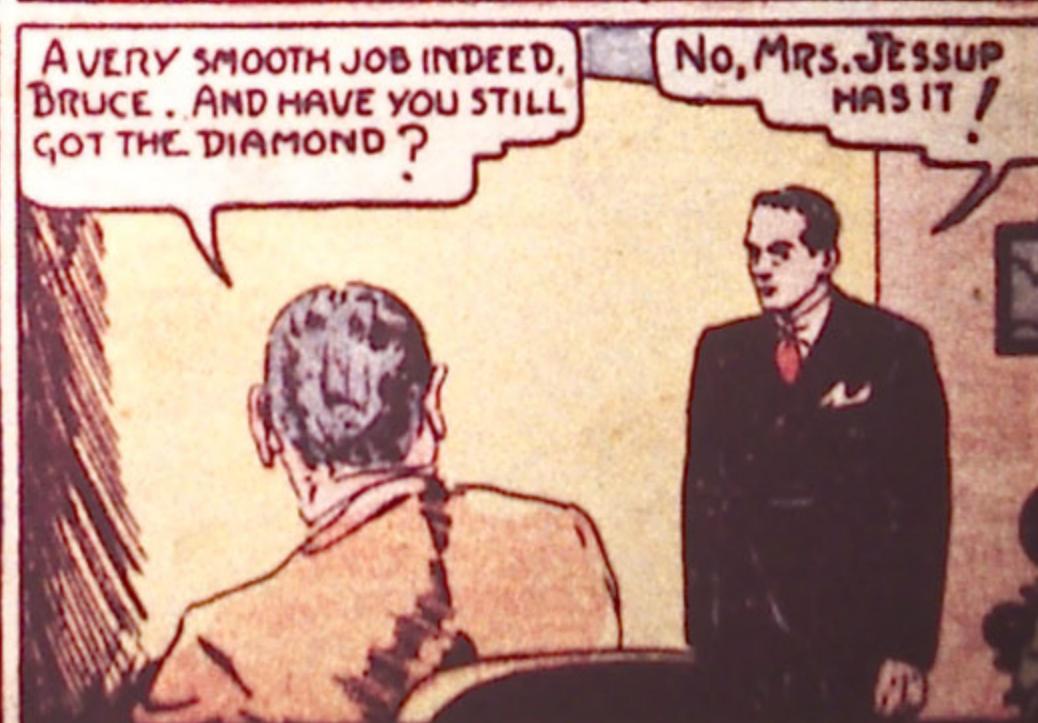


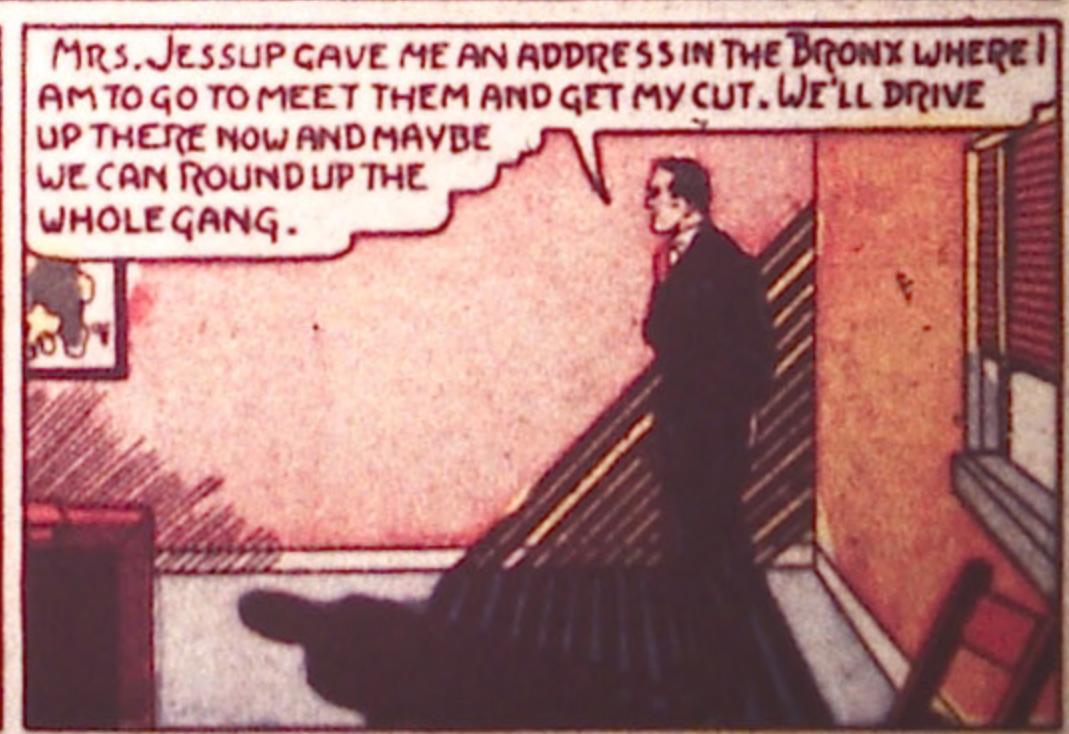
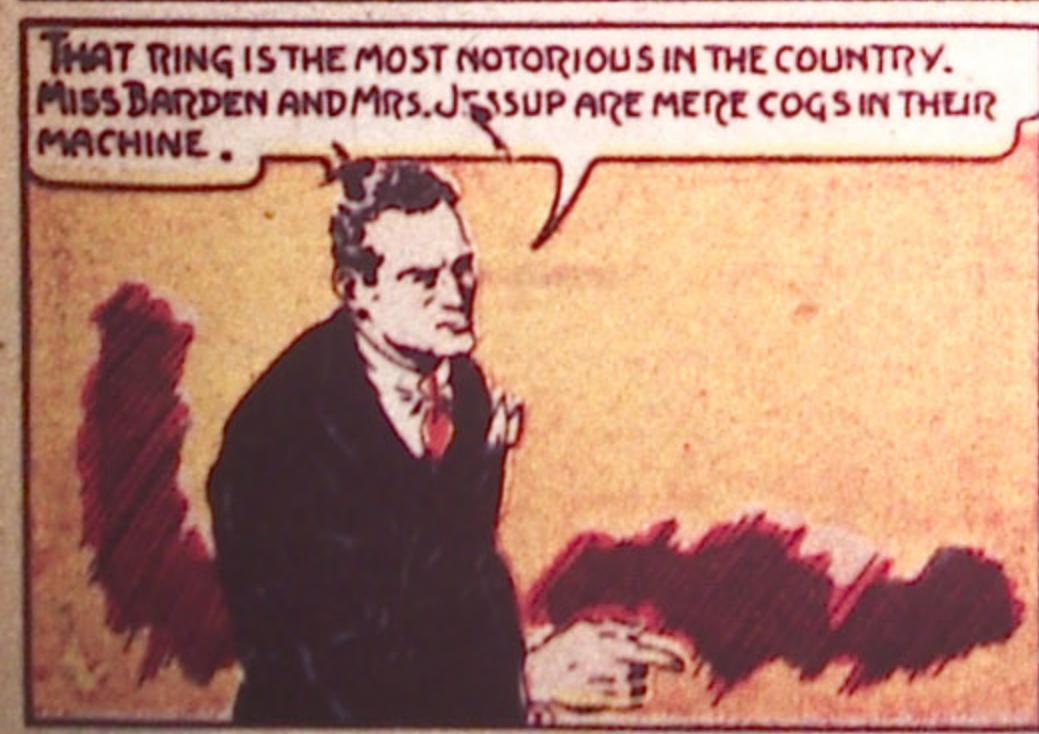
THAT HELPED MATTERS A LOT. I HAD THE DIAMOND AND ALSO THE GOODS ON MISS BARDEN AND MRS. JESSUP. — I HELD ALL THE CARDS.



A VERY SMOOTH JOB INDEED, BRUCE. AND HAVE YOU STILL GOT THE DIAMOND ?

NO, MRS. JESSUP HAS IT !





WHAT WAS THAT ADDRESS AGAIN
NELSON?

2284 SCHENLY AVE.

WE'LL, WE'VE BEEN ON SCHENLY
AVE. FOR THE LAST TEN MINUTES
AND IT LOOKS RATHER DESOLATE.

YEAH, IT LOOKS AS IF
I'M HOLDING THE
BAG.



WELL, HERE WE ARE, -
A DEAD END STREET!

THERE ISN'T ANY 2284.
NELSON, IT LOOKS AS
IF YOU'VE BUNGLED
THE WORKS.

NO, I DON'T
THINK SO. LET'S
GO BACK TO MY
APARTMENT.
THINGS SHOULD
START TO
HAPPEN SHORTLY.



I THINK NELSON'S HOLDING SOMETHING BACK FROM US.
AREN'T YOU BRUCE?



THAT'S RIGHT PARSONS. I'LL COME CLEAN. I STILL
HAVE THE OMAR DIAMOND IN MY POSSESSION.



THE ONE I SLIPPED IN THE BANDAGE ON MRS. JESSUP'S
ANKLE WAS ONLY AN IMITATION. I HAD REASONS FOR
NOT TELLING YOU BEFORE, BUT I'VE CHANGED MY MIND
NOW.



WHOW ! YOU SURE HAD ME
WORRIED. — WHAT WAS THE
IDEA OF GIVING MRS. JESSUP
AN IMITATION ?



WHEN THEY FIND OUT IT'S NOT THE REAL OMAR DIAMOND
THEY'RE BOUND TO LOOK ME UP TO FIND OUT WHAT THE
BIG IDEA IS, AND THAT'S WHEN WE'RE GOING TO TRAP THEM.



WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?

WELL, HERE'S THE WAY
I FIGURED IT - ETC., ETC.

BACK
IN
NELSON'S
APARTMENT.
ONE HALF
HOUR
LATER.

THERE GOES THE PHONE. I'LL BET THAT'S
THEM NOW.

HELLO - YES, THIS IS NELSON.
- OH! MISS BARDEN!
- HOW ARE YOU?

NOT SO WELL, THANKS TO YOU. - BRUCE - DO YOU KNOW
THAT DIAMOND YOU GAVE US IS ONLY AN IMITATION?

WHAT! AN IMITATION! SO PARSONS SLIPPED ONE
OVER ON US!

SOME ONE DID. THE BOSS IS FIT
TO BE TIED. HE'S BLAMING
MRS. JESSUP AND I AND
HE'S OUT AFTER YOUR
NECK!

BUT IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT. - WHERE ARE YOU?
I'LL COME DOWN AND
EXPLAIN IT ALL TO THE
BIG SHOT.

No! No! - I'LL COME TO YOUR PLACE. I'LL BE UP IN
HALF AN HOUR.

IT WORKED MEN. SHE'S COMING UP HERE. I'LL SET UP A DICTAPHONE IN THIS ROOM. YOU MEN HIDE IN THE BED ROOM AND LISTEN CAREFULLY TO EVERYTHING SAID.



FORTY MINUTES PASSED AND THEN THE DOOR BUZZER SOUNDED.



HELLO PAT. OUTSIDE OF A SLIGHTLY TROUBLED LOOK, YOU'RE JUST AS BEAUTIFUL AS EVER.



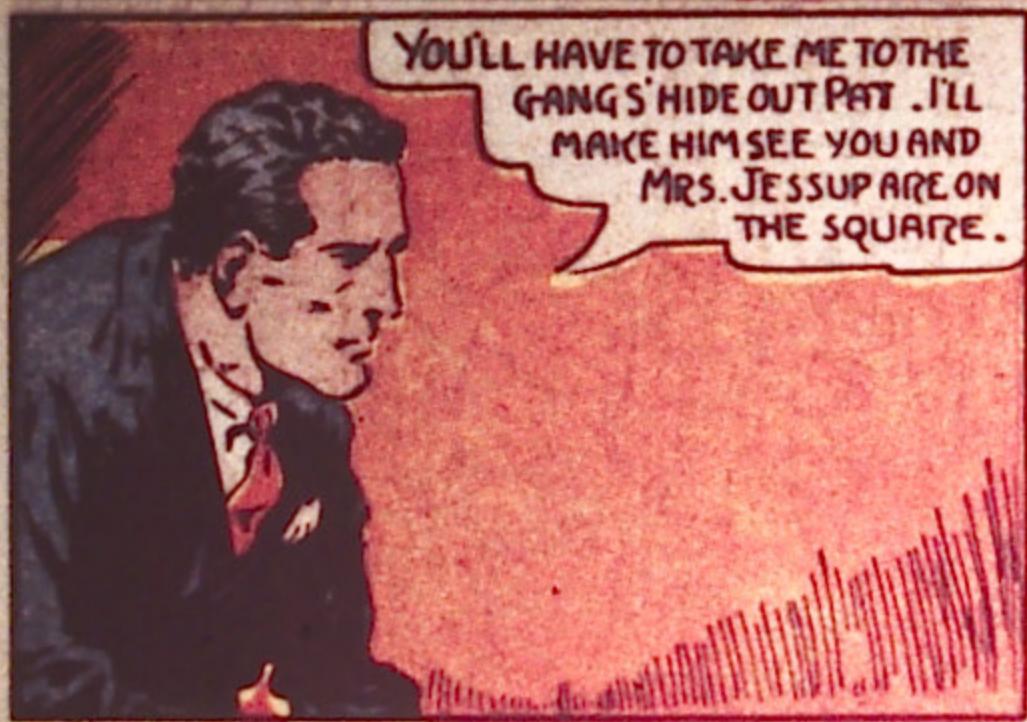
HELLO YOURSELF. YOU'LL HAVE A SLIGHTLY TROUBLED LOOK BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH.

YES, THE STONE YOU GAVE US IS ONLY AN IMITATION. AT FIRST THE BIG BOSS BLAMED MRS. JESSUP AND ME. HE TOLD US TO GET THE REAL ONE OR ELSE -!

BUT THE STONE I GAVE YOU WAS THE ONLY ONE WE HAD. I'LL HAVE TO MAKE HIM BELIEVE THAT.



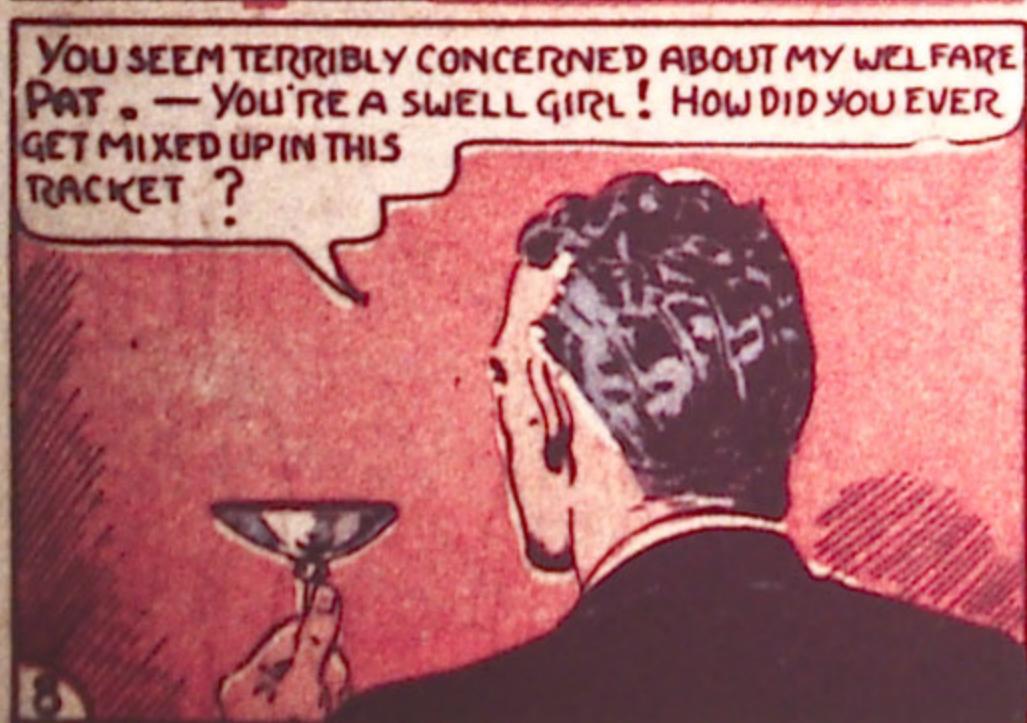
YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE ME TO THE GANG'S HIDE OUT PAT. I'LL MAKE HIM SEE YOU AND MRS. JESSUP ARE ON THE SQUARE.



NO! YOU CAN'T GO DOWN THERE BRUCE! - HE WON'T BELIEVE YOUR STORY! HE'LL KILL YOU! PLEASE - BRUCE!

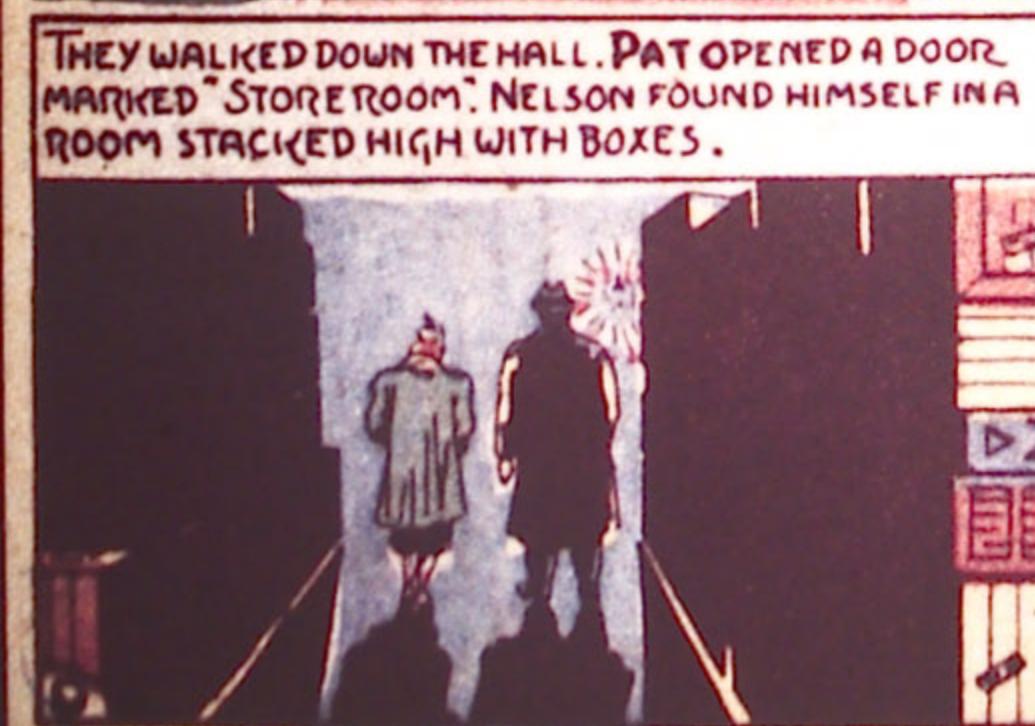


YOU SEEM TERRIBLY CONCERNED ABOUT MY WELFARE PAT. - YOU'RE A SWELL GIRL! HOW DID YOU EVER GET MIXED UP IN THIS RACKET?



WELL, MRS. JESSUP ONCE SAVED MY LIFE. I WAS SO GRATEFUL I TOLD HER I'D DO ANYTHING TO REPAY HER. SHE INTRODUCED ME TO A GROUP OF HER FRIENDS. THEY SEEMED A NICE LOT. THEY TURNED OUT TO BE THIS RING OF DIAMOND THIEVES. BEFORE I REALIZED WHO THEY WERE THEY HAD USED ME AS A FRONT IN TWO JOBS. BY THAT TIME I WOULD BE CONSIDERED AS GUILTY AS THEY. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO GET OUT THEN AND THEY THREATENED TO EXPOSE ME IF I TRIED. I HAD NO ALTERNATIVE.





THEY STEPPED THRU AND CROSSED A ROOM LOADED WITH MENS CLOTHING.



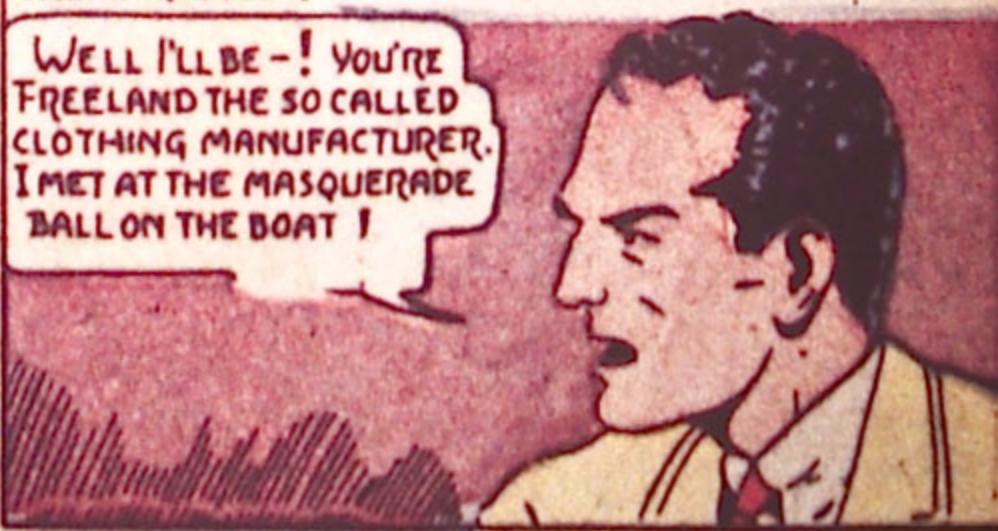
I SURE HOPE HORAN AND THE BOYS HEARD PAT TELL ME THIS ADDRESS. IF THEY DON'T FOLLOW ME I'M SUNK.



THEY CAME TO ANOTHER DOOR. PAT RAPPED TWICE, HESITATED, THEN RAPPED ONCE. A BULL NECKED MAN ADMITTED THEM.



THEY ENTERED A LARGE, WELL FURNISHED OFFICE. THERE WERE 3 MEN PRESENT. ONE STOOD BACK OF AN IMPOSING DESK. NELSON GASPED IN SURPRISE AS HE RECOGNIZED THE "BIG BOSS".



AND YOU'RE THE BIG OIL MAN FROM THE WEST. WHY YOU CHEAP, DOUBLE CROSSIN' DIAMOND SNATCHER!



TAKE IT EASY FREELAND. I'M NOT IN THE HABIT OF TAKING THAT KIND OF CHATTER!



WHERE'S THE REAL OMAR DIAMOND AND NO BLUFFIN'! MY TRIGGER FINGER IS ITCHING!



AS I TOLD MISS BARDEN HERE, THAT DIAMOND WAS THE ONLY ONE I HAD. I DIDN'T DOUBLE CROSS YOU, BUT PARSONS SLIPPED ONE OVER ON ME.



PATRICIA! HOLD YOUR TONGUE!

GONE SOFT EH! YOU'RE PROBABLY IN ON THIS WITH HIM TOO. WELL NEITHER OF YOU WILL LIVE TO ENJOY IT.

FOR THE LAST TIME NELSON HAND OVER THAT DIAMOND!

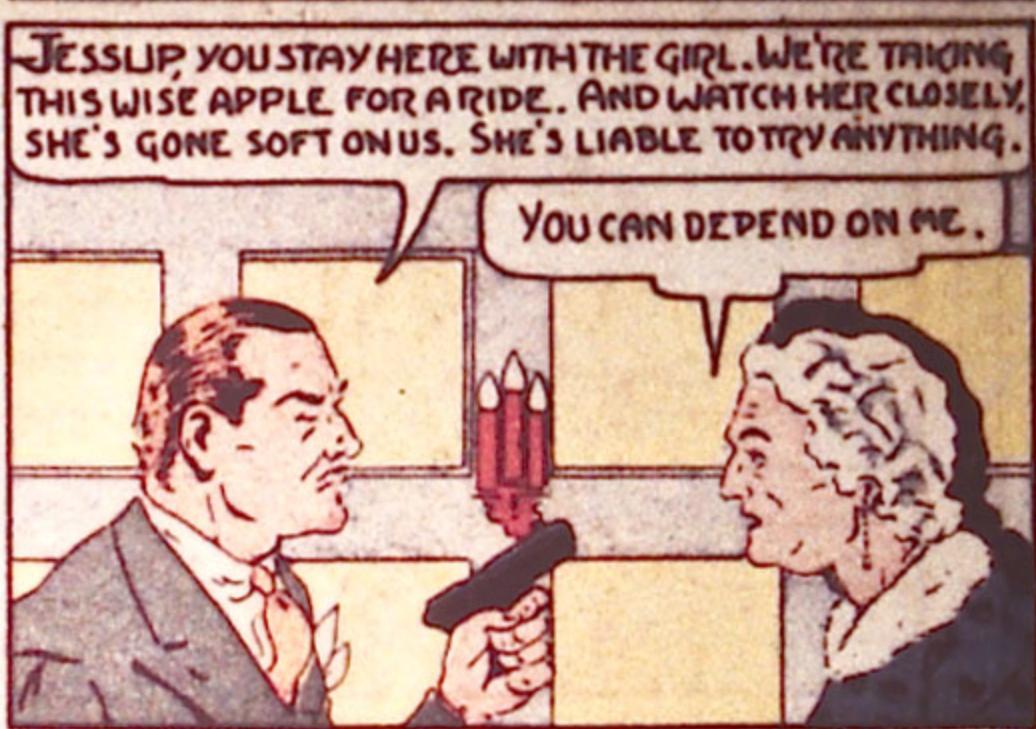
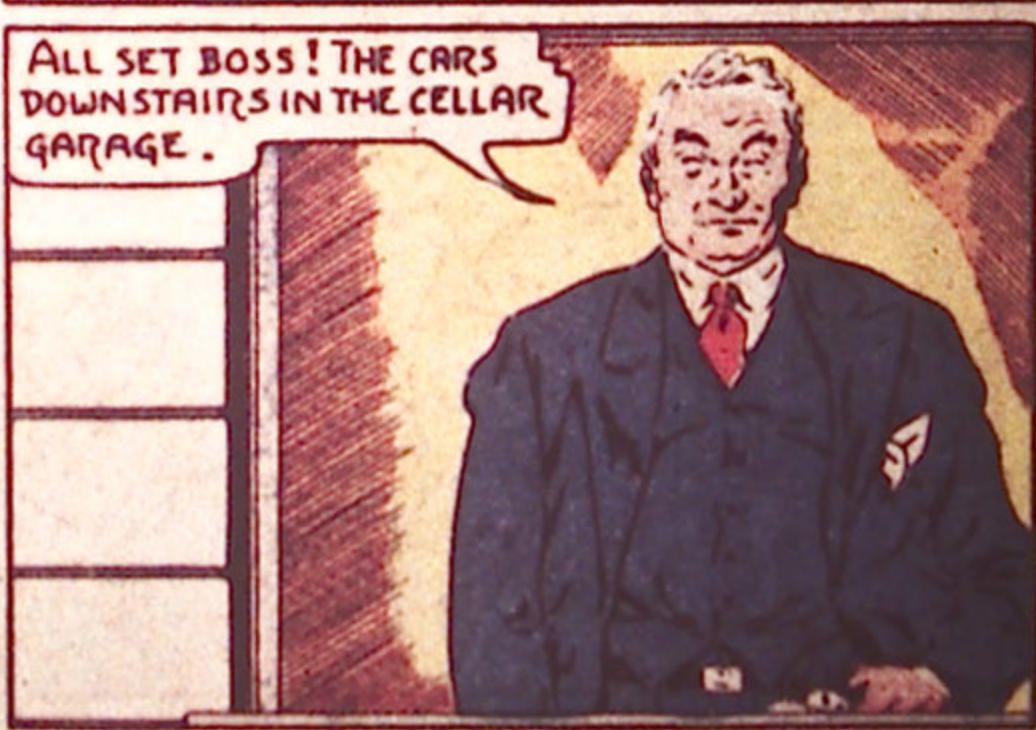
I'VE TOLD YOU ALL I KNOW. I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO FIRE AWAY.



ALL RIGHT WISE GUY. WE HAVE A SWELL SPOT ON THE BOTTOM OF THE EAST RIVER FOR YOU, TONY! ARE THE WEIGHTS AND ROPE IN THE CAR?



ALL SET BOSS! THE CARS DOWNSTAIRS IN THE CELLAR GARAGE.



SO NELSON, FREELAND, TONY AND CORBETT LEFT THE OFFICE AND WALKED DOWN THE HALL TOWARDS THE ELEVATOR.

Boss! There's some body coming upon the elevator.



HOLD YOUR GUNS IN READINESS MEN!

THE ELEVATOR CAME TO A STOP AT THE TOP FLOOR. THE ATTENTION OF THE MEN WAS FOCUSED ON THE DOOR. NELSON NOTICED THIS AND SPRUNG INTO ACTION



HE THREW HIMSELF IN A FOOTBALL BLOCK AT THE TWO NEAREST, TONY AND CORBETT. THEY WENT DOWN WITH A CRASH



THE ELEVATOR DOOR SPRUNG OPEN AND HORAN, JACKSON AND TWO SQUAD MEN LEAPED OUT.



DROP THOSE GUNS YOU MUGS! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED.

TONY AND CORBETT WERE PRONE ON THE FLOOR, THE RESULT OF NELSON'S FLYING BLOCK. THEY THREW UP THEIR HANDS IN SURRENDER, BUT FREELAND'S GUN BLAZED.



JACKSON CLUTCHED HIS ARM IN PAIN. BUT HORAN'S SHOT WAS ACCURATE. FREELAND CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR, SHOT IN THE ABDOMEN

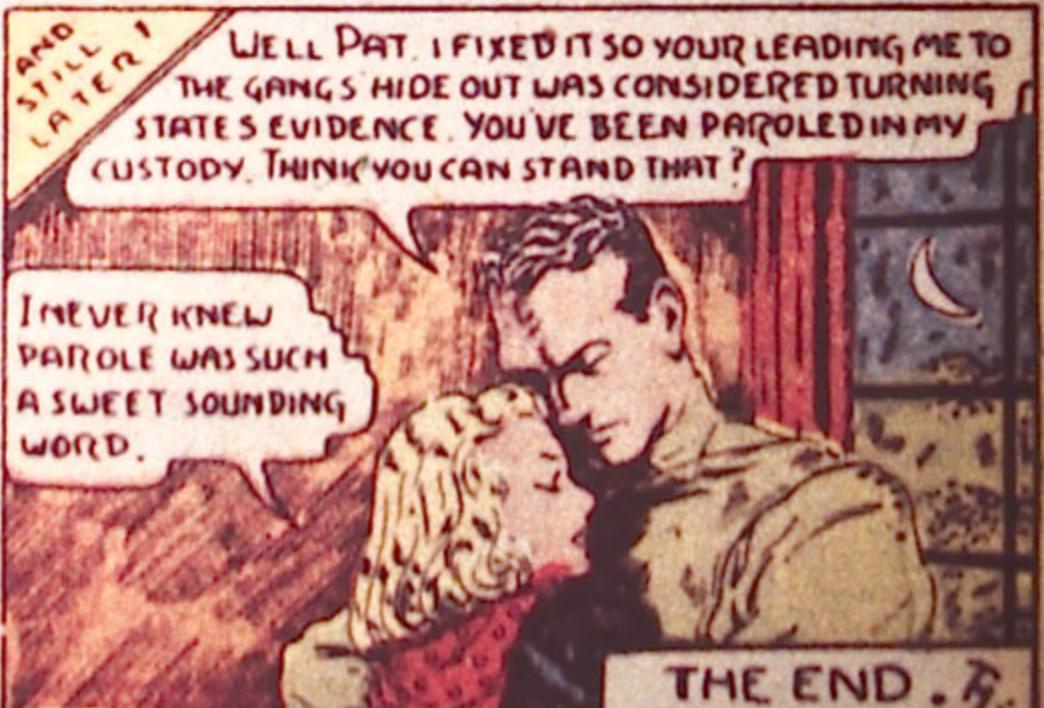
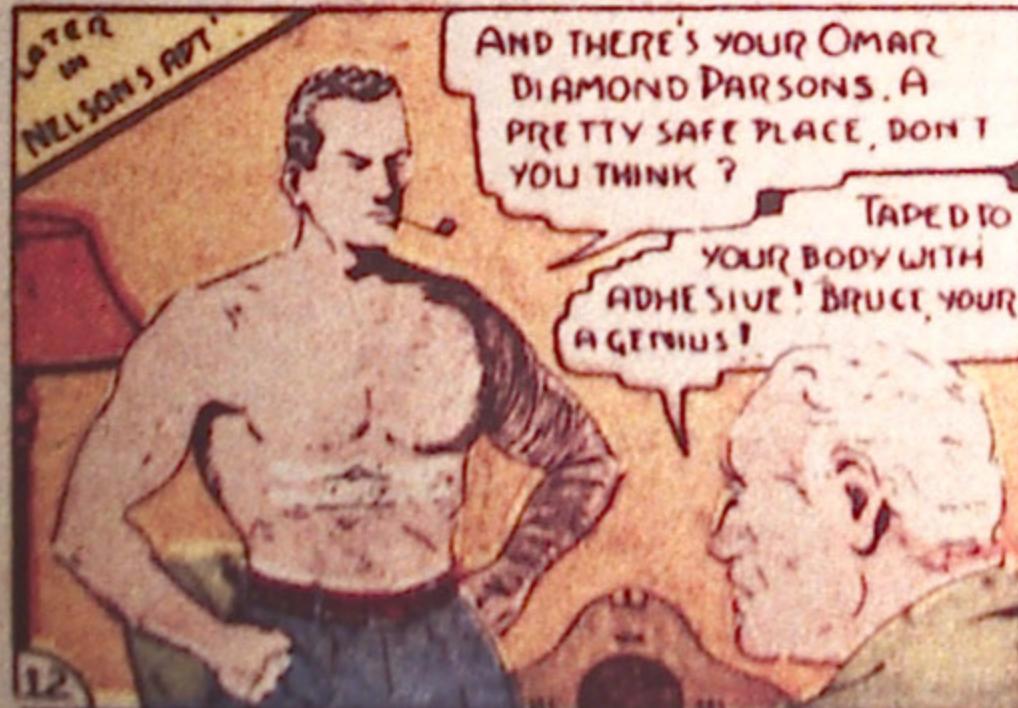


WELL, HORAN, YOUR MEN SURE WIN THEIR LETTER. THEY ARRIVED JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME.

THE CREDIT IS ALL YOURS BRUCE. YOU GOT PLENTY OF NERVE



ALL RIGHT MEN, TAKE THESE BIRDS AWAY. I GUESS THIS RING IS CRACKED WIDE OPEN.



THE END. B.

THE TATTOO TRAP

By

Paul Dean

KEN pulled the dark fedora further down over his eye and walked across the street to the restaurant. On the weather-beaten sign hanging lopsided over the door was printed: The Shark's Fin Tavern. A yellow haze of light oozed through the unwashed windows and the conversation of the men within reminded Ken of the moaning buzz of a lumber mill saw.

"Well, here I am," he muttered, gazing up at the sign. "From now on I'll have my fingers crossed!"

He looked cautiously up and down the street to see that he hadn't been followed, and the gesture caused him to smile inwardly. Here he was, a member of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, dressed and acting like the very persons he ruthlessly sought to place behind prison bars. They were murderous enemies of law and society who stopped at nothing to carry through their fiendish plans of smuggling opium into the country.

For months the F.B.I. waited patiently, with baited trap. And then one of the petty members of the ring was caught. He was sullen and tight-lipped but the Government officials succeeded in uncover-

ing one small clue. In the lining of the captive's coat was found a slip of paper with a rather cryptic instruction: *Shark's Fin Tavern . . . see Joe . . . mention tattoo . . .*

Ken lit a cigarette, flicked the match into the gutter and stepped through the doorway. The restaurant was crowded with customers, laughing, cursing men who crammed into their short leaves ashore all the fun and gaiety they possibly could. Theirs was the existence of men who followed the sea for a livelihood.

The air was thick with foul-smelling tobacco smoke, drifting in layers towards the ceiling. Ken shouldered his way through the groups to where a man sat behind the counter near the cash register.

"What can I do for you, guy?" queried the heavy-jeweled guardian of the money.

"I came to see Joe," replied Ken. "Where's he at?"

The other looked at Ken for a moment. "Okay, bud, follow me. Joe's been waiting for ya."

He lead the way through a door in the rear of the restaurant and down a hallway. They came to a heavy timber door and Ken's guide rapped sharply, three times. There was a metallic click and the door swung back. They stepped into the room.

On the right side of the room stood a desk and behind it sat a chubby, moon-faced man with thick glasses. He motioned to the other to leave and then peered at Ken.

"I thought you would be here sooner," he said.

"Got here as quick as I could," answered Ken.

"So what?" snapped Joe.

KEN'S brain worked rapidly. It was now or never; one slip or false move and he knew that his chances of getting out of the building alive would be negligible. "It takes a little time to have a *tattoo* put on."

Joe smiled. "Tattoo is right. Now let's get down to business."

Ken secretly congratulated himself . . . it worked!

The round-faced Joe opened a drawer and produced a stack of bills and from where Ken stood he could see that they were marked, each \$1,000.

"Here's the money—\$50,000!" said Joe. "Give it to Pete after he's loaded the stuff into the launch. Get me?"

"Right."

"Come on, then," said Joe. He kicked back the rug on the floor and opened a trapdoor. They descended the wooden stairs to the bottom and then walked through a long, cemented tunnel. In the distance Ken could hear the lapping water and the mournful hoots of tugs and ferries. Presently they reached the end and stood on a small wharf, cleverly concealed from the passing river traffic by a long row of well-arranged piles.

Before them, gently rocking in the swells, was a covered launch. A silent pilot stood by the wheel waiting for instructions. Joe spoke to him: "When you get the stuff aboard, circle wide around and head right back here."

"I getcha, Joe," the other replied.

Ken took it upon himself to climb into the boat. The sailor loosened the line and with the motor purring softly, they eased out into the river. Joe remained standing on the wharf, his thick glasses gleaming dully in the misty darkness.

Ten minutes later they pulled up alongside the huge hulk of a freighter anchored in mid-stream. A ladder hung down from the boat deck and Ken grabbed it and climbed up. Two men emerged from the gloom and came forward to meet him.

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"You're late, fellas. We were getting a little nervous!"

"Better late than never!" said Ken. "Where's the stuff?"

"Down in the hold. Come on along."

The two men lead the way and Ken followed them down into the bowels of the freighter. They passed along a gloomy corridor and finally entered a small cabin. An oil lamp hanging from the ceiling scattered weird shadows about the walls and over the boards of the floor. Through the dirty glass of the porthole Ken could see the shimmering waters of the harbor.

One of the men walked to the side of the cabin and pressed a hidden button. A panel slid back, revealing a secret compartment no larger than a closet and filled with

packages wrapped in brown paper.

"Here it is, fellas. Pretty tricky way we have of hiddin' it, ain't it?" laughed the man.

"Yeah, not bad at all," agreed Ken. "But let's get the stuff on the launch . . . Joe's waiting for it."

TEN minutes later they were back on deck, the brown packages hidden under tarpaulins on the floor of the launch. Ken passed the money Joe had given him over to the two men on the freighter and then climbed down the ladder.

"Okay, let's get going," he called to the pilot. The motors started to throb and noiselessly they pulled away from the side of the larger vessel.

Ken went forward and spoke to

the man at the wheel. "Head straight up the river."

The man turned his head, startled. "Ain't we goin' back to Joe's?"

"Up the river and keep your mouth shut tight!" ordered Ken and the automatic in his hand gleamed menacingly.

Fifteen minutes had already elapsed before they reached the Patrol Station of the River Police. The pilot of the launch was taken into custody and Ken raced into the building and put through a 'phone message to the other Federal agents anxiously awaiting his message.

He gave them the address of the Shark's Fin Tavern and a perfect description of the man called Joe. Swiftly they descended on the restaurant and burst in on the surprised Joe who, sensing something had gone amiss with his plans, was preparing a getaway.

Meanwhile, Ken and the River Police sped down the harbor to the freighter and rounded up the smugglers without a struggle. All the prisoners were brought to the regional office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

"What puzzles me," said Ken to one of his friends, "is the easy way in which that \$50,000 was given to me and then passed on to the gents on the freighter."

The hand-cuffed Joe, who happened to be nearby, overheard the remark and sneered: "And why not? Take a good look at that money and you'll see that I had nothing to lose . . . those bills are counterfeit!"

"A nice, honest crook this fellow," laughed Ken and hustled Joe along to a waiting cell.

THE END

With the victory movie "Tunney" about 20 in our library of "Mickey Mouse and his other friends" now. Also over 100 others, including "Aladdin," "Mark of the Wolf," "The Congress of Mice,"

etc. Many more to come.

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SPY

SIEGEL
SHUSTER

VALUABLE SECRET ORDERS HAVE BEEN VANISHING FROM THE U.S. INTELLIGENCE SERVICE'S FILES

UPON SALLY AND BART HAS FALLEN THE TASK OF ASCERTAINING THE CULPRIT RESPONSIBLE

WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS SITUATION AT ONCE -- IT'S DEMORALIZING THE ENTIRE SERVICE

O.K., CHIEF

CONSIDER IT STOPPED!



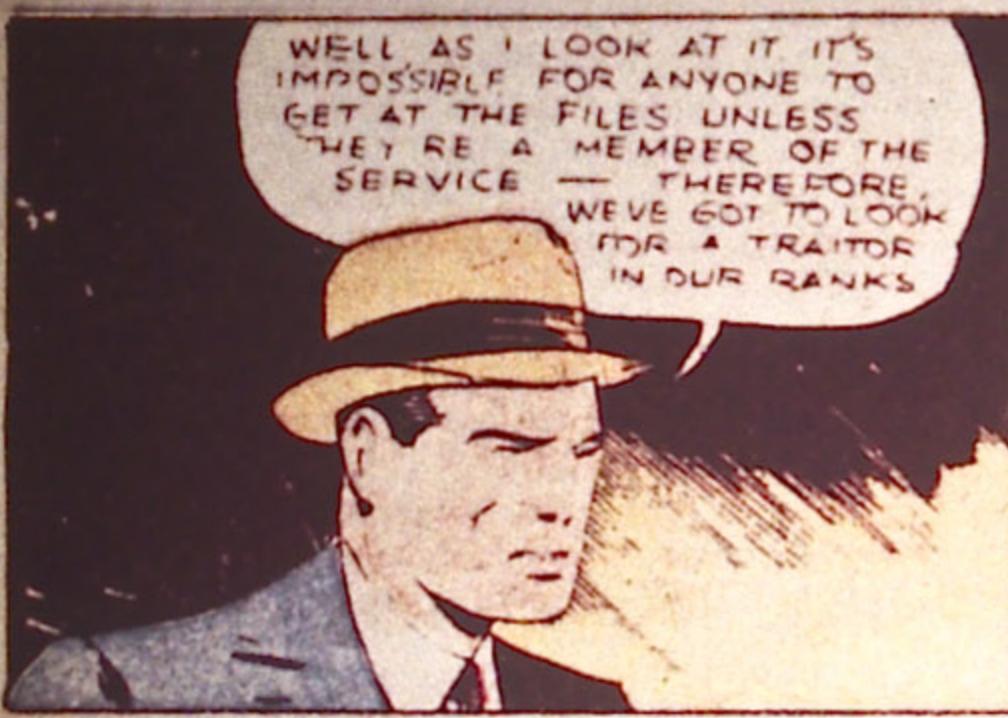
LATER

NOW LET'S ATTACK THE PROBLEM SCIENTIFICALLY!
— AH, HOW LOVELY YOU'RE LOOKING TODAY, SALLY!

STICK TO THE SUBJECT



WELL AS I LOOK AT IT, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYONE TO GET AT THE FILES UNLESS THEY'RE A MEMBER OF THE SERVICE — THEREFORE, WE'VE GOT TO LOOK FOR A TRAITOR IN OUR RANKS



BART, I THINK Y'VE GOT SOMETHIN' THERE! — LET'S START THINGS MOVING BY SECURING POSITIONS ON THE CLERICAL STAFF



THE APPARENTLY OCCUPIED IN THEIR TASKS AS CLERKS IN SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS, SALLY AND BART KEEP THEIR EYES TRAINED ON FELLOW EMPLOYEES

WANTA MAKE A WAGER?
— WHOMEVER CAPTURES THE TRAITOR BUYS THE OTHER ONE A HAMBURGER

THROW IN A BOTTLE OF POP AND MAYBE I'LL TAKE YOU UP



DON'T LOOK NOW,
SALLY. BUT THAT MAN
AT THE THIRD DESK
IS STARING AT YOU!

THAT'S NOT
UNUSUAL —
HE WOULDN'T
BE THE FIRST
TO CONSIDER ME
ATTRACTIVE!

BUT IT'S NOT THAT KIND
OF STARE — HE STRIKES
ME AS LOOKING
SUSPICIOUS!

AS SALLY TURNS TO LOOK, THE CLERK
QUICKLY LOWERS HIS EYES . . .

BART! HE'S OUR
MAN! — I'M
POSITIVE OF IT!

WELL, FOR GOSH SAKE,
DON'T SHOUT IT TO
THE WORLD!

AT CLOSING TIME . . .

LOOK! HE'S UNGERING
BEHIND THE OTHERS!
— AND STILL
WATCHING US!

KEEP YOUR
EYES ON HIM!

SHORTLY LATER . . .

BART! HE'S NOWHERE
IN SIGHT! BUT I'M
SURE HE DIDN'T
LEAVE THE ROOM!

WHAT TH-!

FIFTEEN MINUTES
LATER BART
AND SALLY
TIP-TOE BACK
TO THE
OFFICE . . .

LISTEN! THERE'S
SOMEONE INSIDE

AS I THOUGHT!
— WE'LL CATCH HIM
RED-HANDED!

KNEELING BEFORE THE DOOR'S LOCK,
BART MAKES USE OF A BORROWED
HAIR-PIN

THAT CLICK YOU
JUST HEARD WAS
THE LOCK OPENING.

GOSH!
IF YOU COULD
ONLY COOK!

NOISELESSLY, THEY PASS THRU THE DOOR
INTO THE OFFICE . . .

HEAR
ANYTHING?

JUST MY HEART
BEATING . . .
RAPIDLY!

SUDDENLY —

LOOK OUT!

GOT YA!

BART AND HIS ASSAILANT ROLL IN FIERCE
BATTLE ON THE FLOOR . . . PUNCHING,
TWISTING, THROTTLING . . .

SOCK I'M,
SALLY!

CAN'T — I'M
UNABLE TO HIT
YOU BY MISTAKE!

TEARING HIMSELF FREE, BART'S OPPONENT
CRUSHES OPPONENT AT PISTOL'S POINT!

SO YOU'RE THE
THIEVES RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE THEFTS!
— THE CHIEF WILL
BE PLEASED TO
LEARN OF YOUR
CAPTURE.

GOOD GOSH!
WE'VE BEEN
SLUGGING EACH
OTHER FOR
NOTHING!

WE'RE U.S. SPIES,
TOO — ASSIGNED
TO THE SAME
CASE!

WELL, ILL—!

YOUR PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTER
WAS VERY INTERESTING
BUT NOW FOR THE MAIN
EVENT ON THE PROGRAM
— RAISE YOUR HANDS!

THE REAL
THIEF!



WATCH CLOSELY! TONIGHT I'M PULLING MY LAST AND LATEST HAUL -- THE WAR DEPARTMENT'S SECRET REPORT TO THE PRESIDENT -- WHILE YOU, LOOK ON, HELPLESS TO INTERFERE!

IN ANOTHER INSTANT I'LL HAVE THIS FILE-CASE OPEN. IN STILL ANOTHER MOMENT THE REPORT WILL BE IN MY POSSESSION . . . AND AFTER THAT -- I SHALL ATTEND TO YOU THREE!

SURPRISE! — NO SOONER DOES THE THIEF OPEN THE DRAWER, WHEN IT EXPLODES IN HIS FACE

IS THAT SO? — HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT BOMB GOT IN THE FILES, SMARTY?

WELL, SALLY, IF MY MEMORY SERVES ME RIGHT, YOU OWE ME A HAMBURGER AND BOTTLE OF POP!

INSTANTLY BART AND THE OTHER SECRET AGENT LEAP TO THE FALLEN THIEF!

HE'S BADLY HURT!
— TAKE OFF HIS MASK!

IT'S BARROW!
ONE OF THE CLERKS!

YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU --?

YES, I PUT IT THERE!

LATER

WHAT'LL YEZ HAVE?

THE GENTLEMAN'S ORDERING!

GIVE HER A HAMBURGER AND BOTTLE OF POP
— I'LL TAKE A KICK IN THE PANTS!

SINCE YOU'RE ENJOYING THAT SANDWICH SO MUCH, I GUESS YOU WON'T MIND IF I LEAVE YOU LONG ENOUGH TO PHONE IN A REPORT TO THE CHIEF.

DON'T HURRY BACK!

HELLO, CHIEF! — THIS IS BART CALLING. SALLY AND I JUST . . .

30

I ALREADY KNOW THE DETAILS OF THE TRAITOR'S CAPTURE — WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING HIGH AND LOW FOR YOU AND SALLY!

WE — ER — THAT IS. WHAT'S UP, CHIEF?

31

I WANT BOTH OF YOU TO GO TO BARROW'S ROOMING-HOUSE AT ONCE. WHOEVER HIRED HIM WILL SHOW UP THERE TO PURCHASE THE REPORT — WE'VE GOT TO LEARN THIS MAN'S IDENTITY!

YOU WILL BE -- IN THE SPY SERVICE — IF YOU WASTE ANY MORE TIME!

32

HEY! I'M NOT FINISHED YET!

33

WERE OUT-OF-TOWN RELATIVES OF MR. BARROW. MAY WE WAIT FOR HIM IN HIS ROOM?

I'M A BIT HESITANT ABOUT IT AFTER ALL, I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE!

AND WE'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE SO THAT MAKES US EVEN LEAD ON!

LATER, AT BARROW'S BOARDING-HOUSE, THEY ENCOUNTER AN OBSTACLE IN THE FORM OF HIS LANDLADY.



AFTER THEY ARE ALONE IN BARROW'S ROOM...

SHE FELL FOR IT...
HOOK, LINE, AND
SINKER!

STOP GABBING!
WE'VE GOT WORK
TO DO!

FIND ANYTHING?

YEAH.— A SOCK,
BUT IT'S GOT A
HOLE IN IT.

KEEP LOOKING! A GUY
LIKE BARROW ALWAYS HAS IN-
CRIMINATING EVIDENCE HIDDEN
SOMEWHERE ABOUT HIS ROOM!
— MAYBE HE USED A SECRET
DRAWER!

A SECRET DRAWER?
— HA! DON'T MAKE
ME LAUGH!

— OH!
WHAT'S THAT?

THERE IT IS! —
DIDN'T I TELL YOU
THERE WAS A SECRET
DRAWER AROUND
HERE!

YES. BUT DON'T
FORGET THAT IT
WAS I WHO
FOUND IT!

AS SALLY SPEAKS, SHE LEANS AGAINST THE PRES-
SER. HER WEIGHT, ON A LOOSE BOARD, RELEASES...

WHAT'S INSIDE?

STOLEN DOCUMENTS!
BOY! ARE WE IN
LUCK!

GOSH, NOW IF ONLY
BARROW'S EMPLOYER WOULD
MAKE HIS APPEARANCE,
EVERYTHING WOULD
BE PERFECT!

WOULDN'T
IT, THO?

UNKNOWN TO
SALLY AND BART
BEHIND THEM
A PANEL
BEGINS TO
SLIDE ASIDE
A HAND
CLASPING A GUN
EMERGES...
IT LOOKS AS
THO THEY'RE
GOING TO GET
THEIR WISH!

A FIGURE STEPS THRU THE PANEL . . .
THE LANDLADY

TURN! — AND
NO TRICKS!

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU
FOOLED ME! RELATIVES,
EH? — YOU LIE!

WHAT MAKES
YOU SO
POSITIVE?

BECAUSE THE MAN YOU
REFER TO AS BARROWS
IS MY SON! —
WHERE IS HE? — WHY
HASN'T HE COME? — WHAT
HAVE YOU DONE
WITH HIM?

WE — I —
HE'S
DEAD

YOU'VE KILLED HIM!
YOU'VE KILLED MY BOY!
YOU . . .

DODGING LEADEN DEATH, BART TEARS THE
REVOLVER FROM THE WOMAN'S HAND!

GOSH'
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

MY BOY
KILLED.
BUT KLEOG WILL
MAKE YOU PAY
FOR IT!

KLEOG?
WHO IS HE?

KLEOG! — BARALVIA'S
AMBASSADOR! —
SO HE WAS BE-
HIND THIS!

NOW THAT WE'VE
LEARNED HIS
IDENTITY OUR
MISSION IS
FINISHED!

TRUE . . . YOU ARE
FINISHED!

KLEOG!

BART! WE'RE
TRAPPED! —
HOPELESSLY!

YOU'RE GOING TO DIE —
THERE'S NO ESCAPE —
AND SO I'LL GRANT YOU
ANY REQUEST
WITHIN REASON

IF YOU DON'T MIND, WE'D
PREFER TO DIE IN EACH
OTHERS ARMS.

KISS ME,
BART



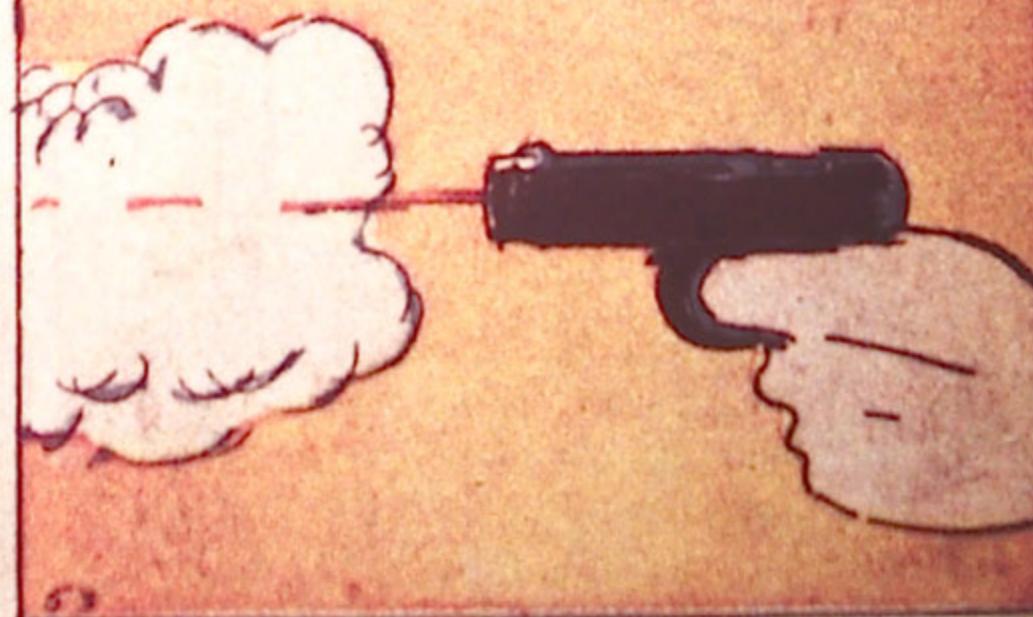
SALLY AND BART PUT THEIR HEART AND
SOUL INTO A LAST, LINGERING KISS . . .

I'M SORRY IT'S TO
END LIKE THIS

I'M CONTENT



ABRUPTLY! — A GUN BARKS!



IF HE HADN'T INVIEGLED
US INTO HIS SCHEMES,
MY SON WOULD BE
ALIVE TODAY!



LATER — AT HEADQUARTERS

I WAS AFRAID
WE'D NEVER
KISS AGAIN.

THERE ARE PLENTY
MORE FROM WHERE
THAT CAME.

THE END

55

PREVUE OF NEXT ISSUE!

"THE HOODED HORDES"

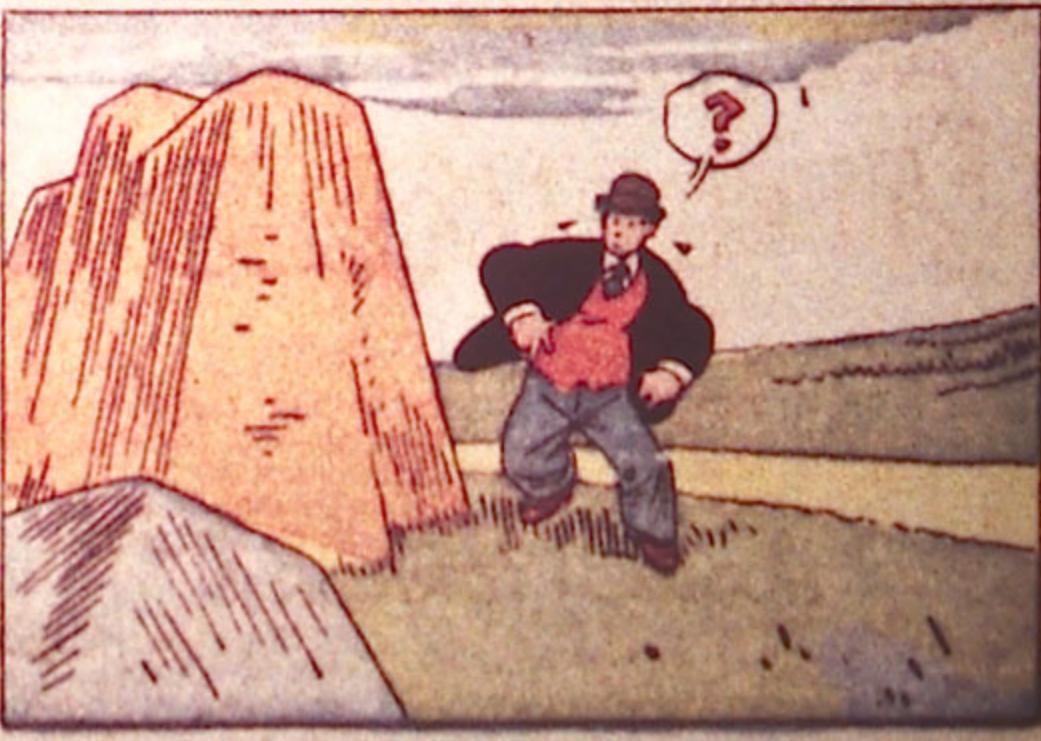
ASSIGNED TO STAMP OUT AN INSIDIOUS,
UNAMERICAN ORGANIZATION OF KILLERS,
SALLY AND BART BATTLE INCREDIBLE
DANGERS . . . AND FINALLY DISCOVER
THE ASTOUNDING MOTIVE BEHIND THE
HOODED-TERROR!

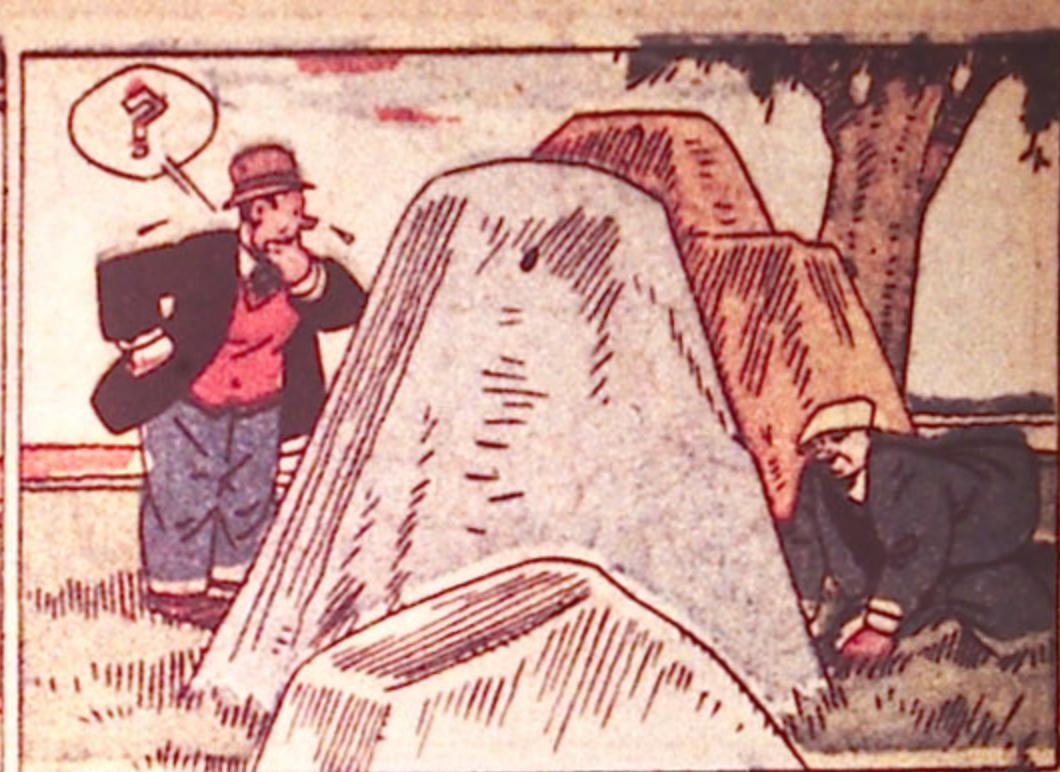


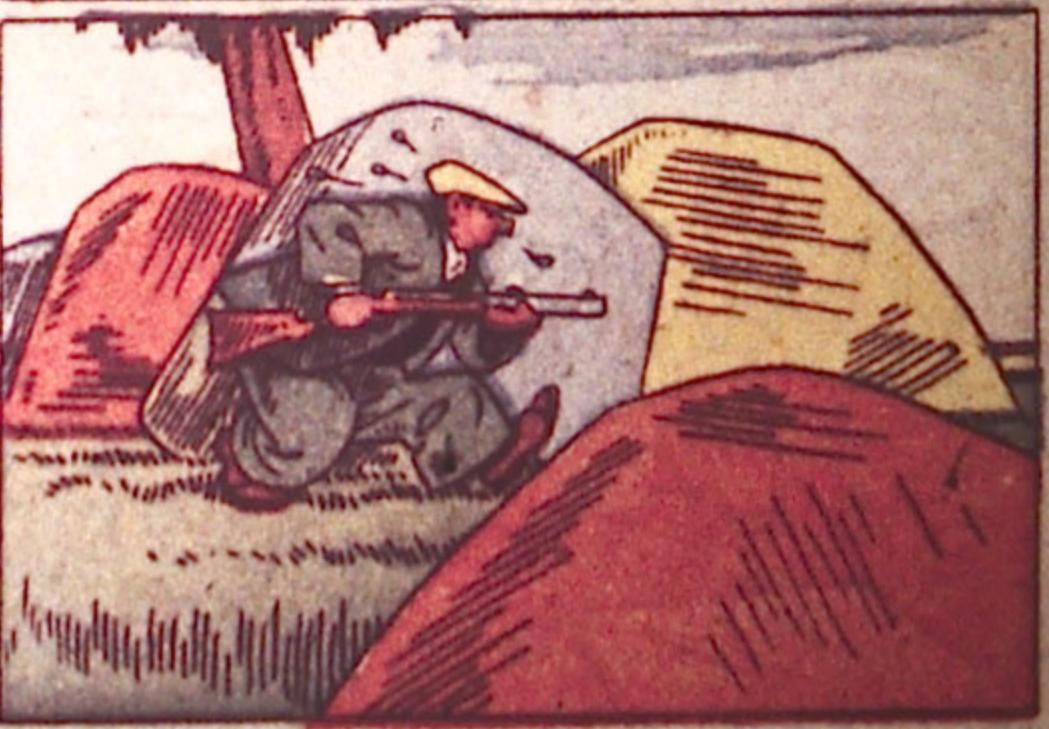
DON'T MISS IT!

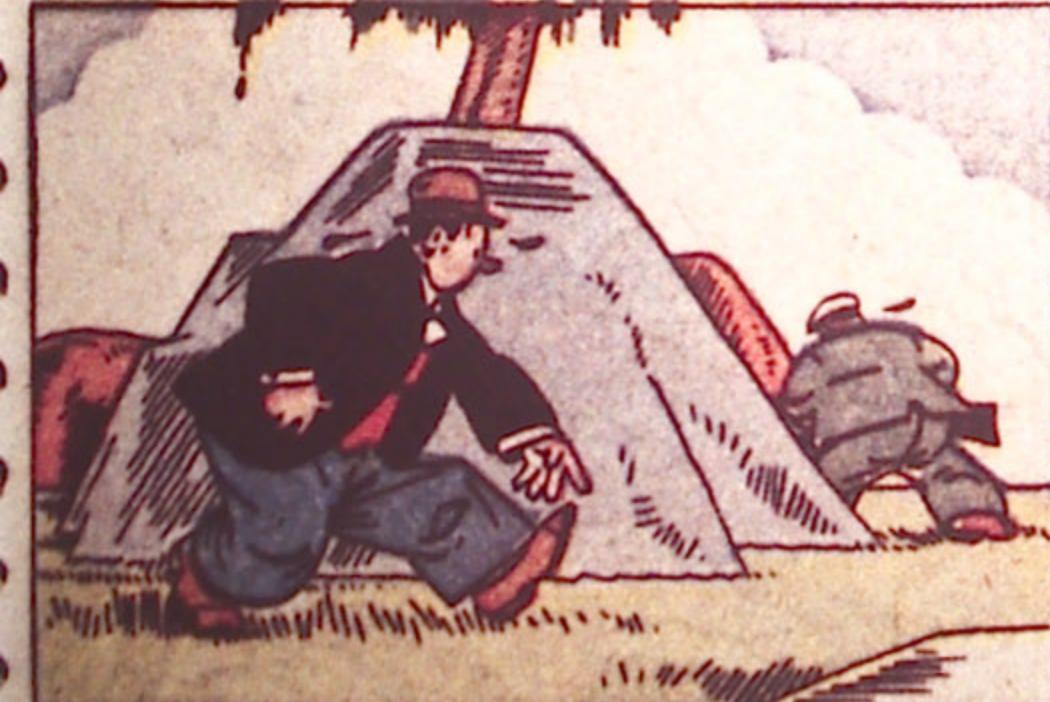
"FINGERPRINT" FARSON

THE ELAIN CLOTHES
MAN
BY ALGER









Buck MARSHALL

Range Detective

BY H. FLEMING

- TRADING TROUBLE -

AS BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE DETECTIVE, SWINGS DOWN THE ROCKY TRAIL FROM THE CREST OF A HEAVILY TIMBERED RIDGE, HE SKIDS HIS BRONCO TO A SUDDEN STOP - REACHING FOR HIS BINOCULARS, HE SCANS THE TRAIL BELOW.



THAT HOMBRE DOWN THERE, SEEKS TO BE HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH THAT CAYUSE, PEPPER.

ON THE TRAIL BELOW



THE NEXT MOMENT, BUCK SEES THE PUNCHER THROWN TO THE GROUND - THEN ANOTHER RIDER SPURS AFTER THE STAMPEDED HORSE

IN A SHORT TIME THE RIDER RETURNS LEADING THE OTHER'S HIGH SPIRITED HORSE



THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS BUCK SEES THE TWO RIDERS STOPPING TO TALK - THEY POINT FREQUENTLY TO THE HORSES,

THE ROAN BEARS THE 3H BRAND - THEY'RE SWAPPING MOUNTS - AND LEAVING IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS



- LOOKS KIND OF QUEER TO ME. I THINK I'LL LOOK OVER THE GROUND



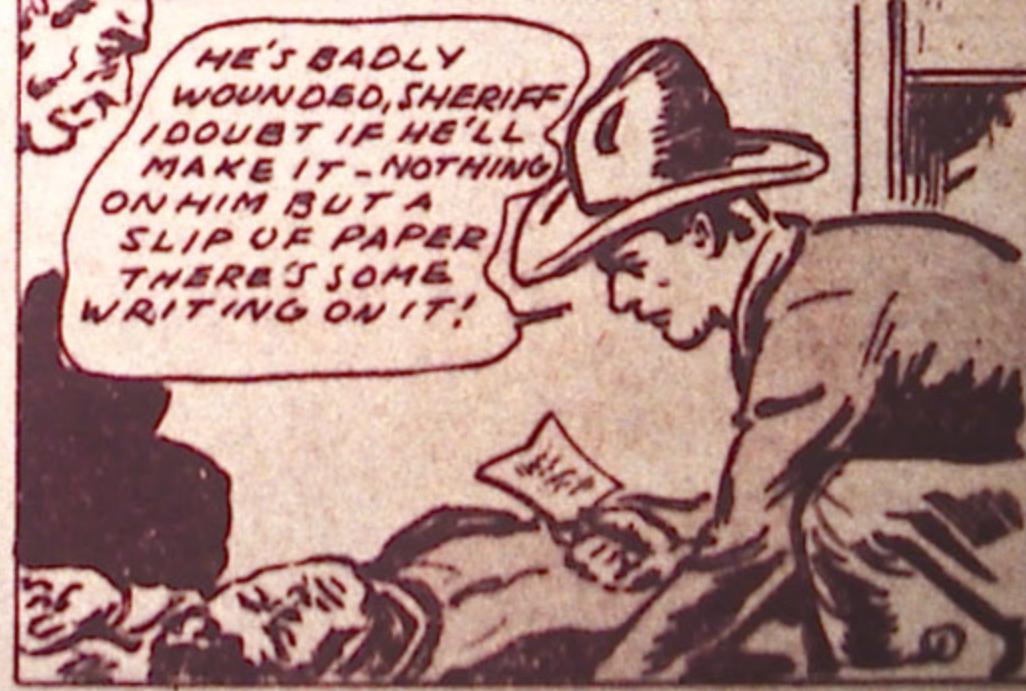




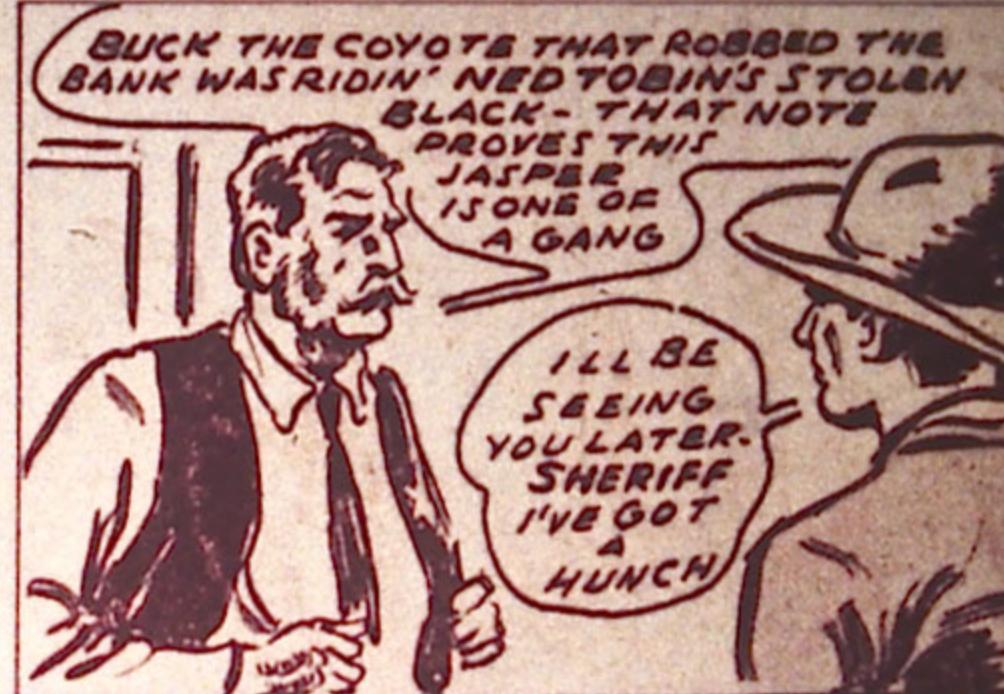
FROM A NEAR BY SHACK, A MAN PEERS OUT OF A WINDOW, TAKES A STEADY AIM AND FIRES -



THE SHERIFF ORDERS THE SERIOUSLY WOUNDED PRISONER TO BE CARRIED INTO THE OFFICE, THEN HE CLEARS THE ROOM -



Boss
'swapped
the black for
a nag more to
my liking
this gent
will explain



LEAVING THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, BUCK LOOKS AT THE BLACK STALLION AT THE HITCH-BACK. THEN HE LEAPS INTO HIS OWN SADDLE AND RIDES AWAY



BUCK
FOLLOWS
THE
TRAIL
HE'S
LOOKING
FOR
WITH
LITTLE
DIFFICULTY.
THEN
IT BECOMES
HARDER
TO FIND
AS IT LEADS
FINALLY
TO A
DRY WASH

LOOKS
LIKE
HE IS
TRYING
TO LOSE
HIS TRAIL.
I DON'T
SEEM TO
BE ABLE
TO CUT A
SIGN IN
THIS
STONY
BOTTOM.

HAVING LOST THE TRAIL,
BUCK DISMOUNTS AND CIRCLES
AROUND FOR SOME SIGN-

HE CLEARLY
EXPECTED
TO BE
TRAILED.
OTHERWISE
WHY WOULD
HE COVER
HIS TRACKS.
I THINK MY
HUNCH
IS CORRECT.



OVER NEAR ONE BANK, HE SPOTS
A SMALL STONE WITH A GRAYISH
STRIBE SCRAPED ON IT.

HERE'S THE
TRAIL - THIS
STONE HAS
THE MARK OF
AN UNSHOD
HOOF ON IT.

CLIMBING
THE
BANK,
BUCK
FINDS
HOOF
PRINTS
IN THE
SOFT
GROUND.
MOUNTING,
HE IS
SOON
ON HIS
WAY
AGAIN.



BUCK
FOLLOWS
THE
TRAIL
FOR
AN HOUR,
THEN
STOPS
AND
DISMOUNTS

I SMELL WOOD
SMOKE - I
THINK I'LL
CLIMB THAT
PINNACLE OF ROCK -
MAYBE I
CAN LOCATE
IT.



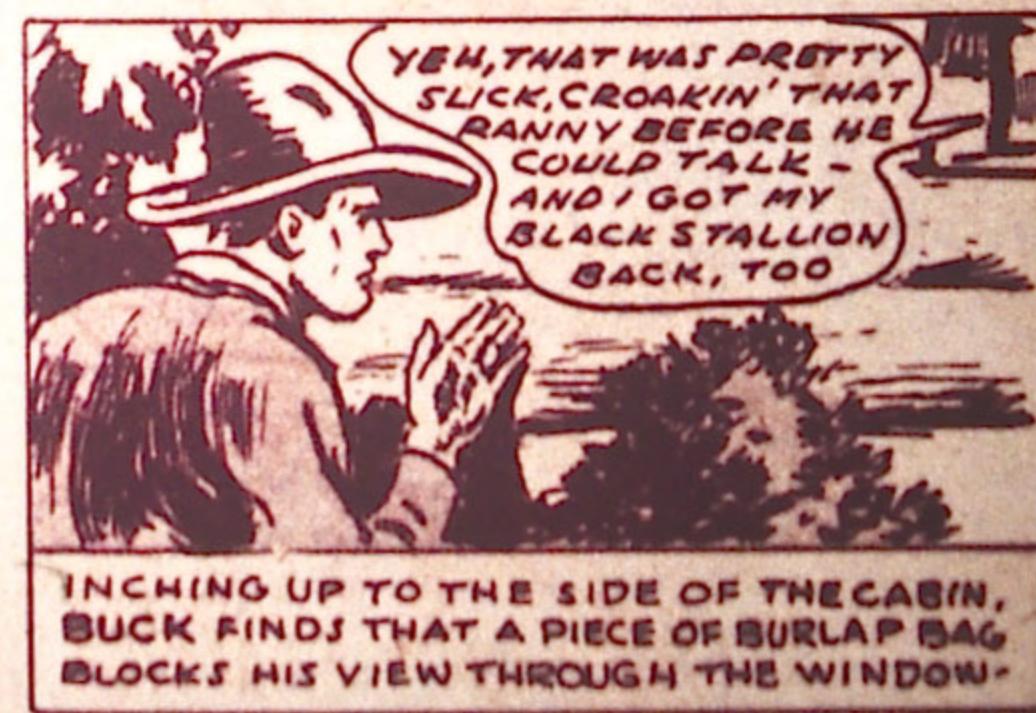
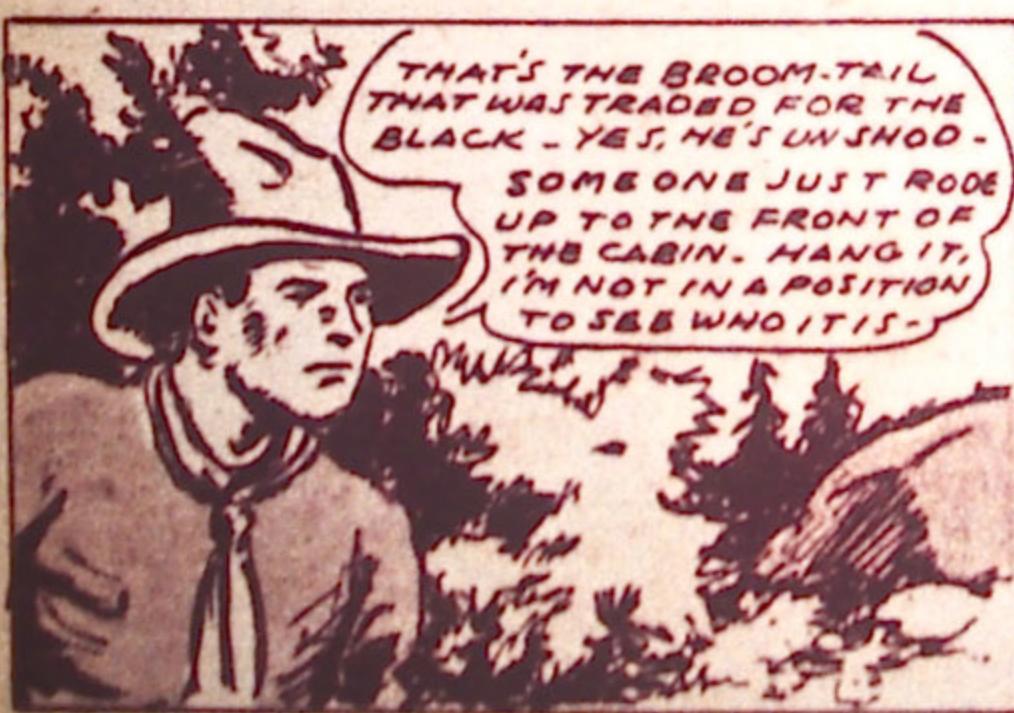
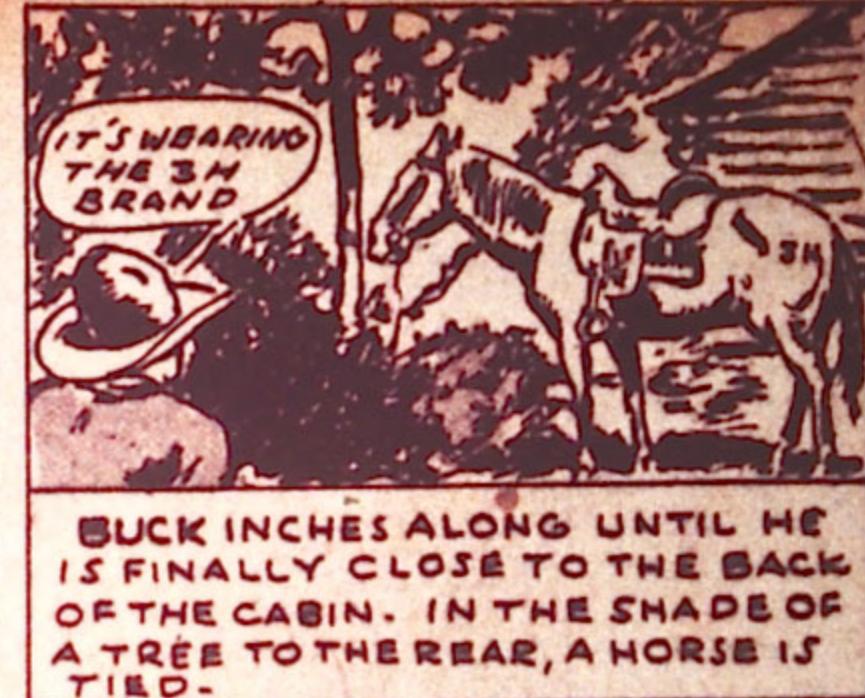
I CAN JUST
SEE THE TOP
OF A CHIMNEY
OVER THERE -
THERE MAY
BE A HIDE-OUT
SNACK, THERE.

QUICKLY
DESCENDING
BUCK
IS SOON
ON HIS
HORSE
AGAIN.
HEADING
IN THE
DIRECTION
OF THE
CHIMNEY



NOW THEN, PEPPER, I'LL
LEAVE YOU HERE AND GO
THE REST OF THE WAY
AFOOT - THERE'S LIKELY
TO BE SOME FLYING LEAD

WITH THE
LIGHT TREAD
OF A LYNX,
BUCK MAKES
HIS WAY.
THROUGH
SCATTERED
CLUMPS OF
BRUSH
AND
AROUND
HUGE
BOULDERS



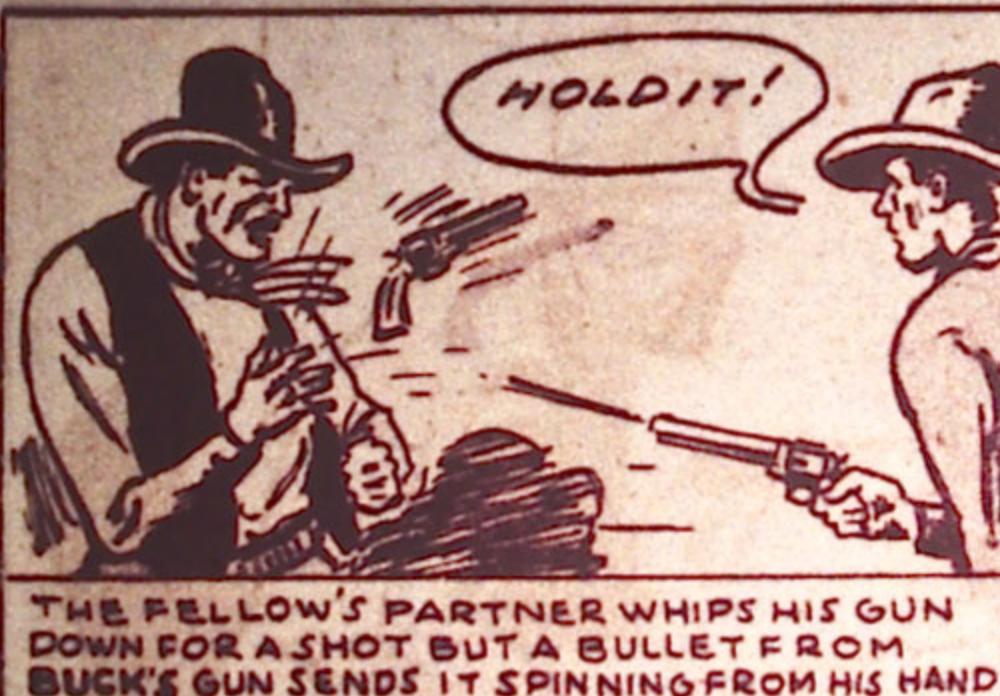
FROM HIS
POSITION
BUCK
CANNOT
SEE
THE NEW
COMER,
BUT
SOON
HE HEARS
VOICES
FROM
WITHIN -



AS BUCK MOVES FORWARD TO TAKE HIS PRISONER'S GUNS, HE STEPS ON THE LOOSE BOARD OVER THE HIDING PLACE AND IS THROWN OFF BALANCE



THE OUTLAW WATCHING BUCK'S HANDS IS TOTALLY UNPREPARED WHEN BUCK'S KNEE SNAPS UP AND KNOCKS THE GUN-BARREL UP!



THE FELLOW'S PARTNER WHIPS HIS GUN DOWN FOR A SHOT BUT A BULLET FROM BUCK'S GUN SENDS IT SPINNING FROM HIS HAND



SLAM

BRADLEY.

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

HELP!-
POL--!

I TOLD YOU
TO KEEP THAT
MOUTH SHUT!

SLAM AND SHORTY, VISITING NEW YORK
ON A VACATION, HAVE ATTENDED A
BROADWAY MUSICAL SHOW IN SEARCH OF
RELAXATION AND PLEASURE . . .
ENGROSSED IN THE PERFORMANCE, THEY
ARE UNAWARE THAT OUTSIDE THE
THEATRE, A GREATER DRAMA IS BEING
ENACTED. — AS THE THEATRE MANAGER
SEEKS TO FOIL A HOLD-UP, HE IS
RUTHLESSLY SHOT!

SHORTLY LATER--
DISRUPTED
BY THE SHOTS,
THE SHOW HALTS...
MEMBERS OF THE
AUDIENCE FLOCK
TO THE TICKET-
OFFICE...
BUT THE BANDIT
HAS ESCAPED...



FINE THING! WE STEP
OUT TO FORGET CRIME,
AND WALK RIGHT
INTO ONE!

LETS GET AWAY
FROM HERE, SLAM!
I GOTTA HUNCH
THAT IF WE DON'T
WELL BECOME INVOLVED IN TH' CASE!

WELL, BLAST MY BUTTONS,
IF IT ISN'T --
SLAM BRADLEY!

CAPTAIN
DRAKE!

TOO LATE!

WHAT LUCK TO COME ACROSS
YOU! YOU'RE HEAVEN-SENT!
FOLLOW ME, AND HELP AN
OLD PAL!

LATER -- WITHIN A HOSPITAL HALL

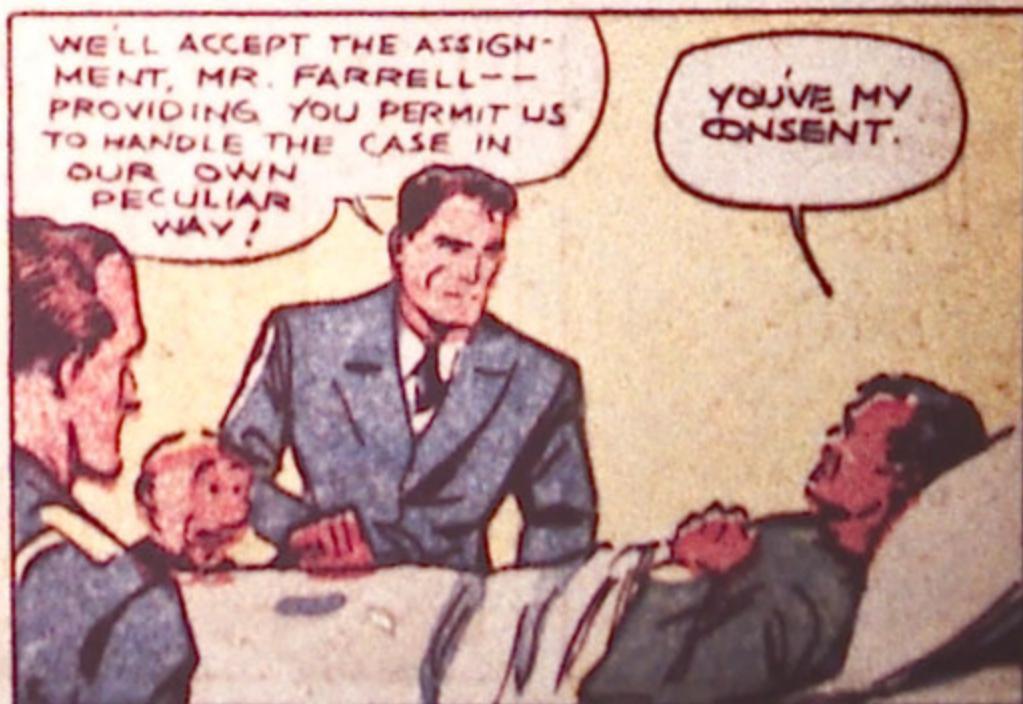
MR FARRELL, MEET SLAM
BRADLEY AND HIS ASSISTANT,
SHORTY, AS DETECTIVES,
THEY ACCOMPLISH
MIRACLES. I KNEW
THEM IN CLEVELAND

A MIRACLE MAN
IS EXACTLY
WHAT WE
NEED!

BROADWAY THEATRES ARE BEING ROBBED REPEATEDLY, AND ALWAYS BY THE SAME MAN! THE POLICE HAVE FAILED TO TRAP THE BANDIT. IF YOU CAN SUCCEED WHERE THE POLICE FAILED, THEATRE OWNERS WILL JOIN ME IN REWARDING YOU HANDSOMELY!

WE'LL ACCEPT THE ASSIGNMENT, MR. FARRELL--
PROVIDING YOU PERMIT US
TO HANDLE THE CASE IN
OUR OWN
PECULIAR
WAY!

YOU'VE MY
CONSENT.



NEXT MORNING — IN THEIR HOTEL-ROOM...

WHAT'RE YA DOIN' WITH ALL THOSE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS?

THEY'RE ACCOUNTS OF THE THEATRE ROBBERIES... AND READING THEM HAS GIVEN ME A PRETTY GOOD IDEA ON WHO THE BANDIT MIGHT BE!

QUIET DOWN! WE'VE BARELY EVEN STARTED!

THEN THE CASE IS ALREADY CLOSED! —
HOORAY!



NOW WHAT?

NOW WE GO INTO ACTION!



AH! THIS WILL DO!

IT'LL DO WHAT?

LEARN
TAP-DANCING
REASONABLE
RATES
INQUIRE
WITHIN

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

LISTEN, MUSH-FACE! YOU TEACH US HOW TO OUT-DANCE FRED ASTAIRE -- I'LL GIVE YOU ONLY FIVE HOURS -- OR THAT PAN OF YOURS UNDERGOES A VIOLENT TRANSFORMATION!

MY CHARGE IS THREE DOLLARS PER LESSON -- ONE LESSON A WEEK!

HERE'S '\$60' — WELL TAKE ALL THE LESSONS, RIGHT NOW!



FOUR
HOURS
LATER —

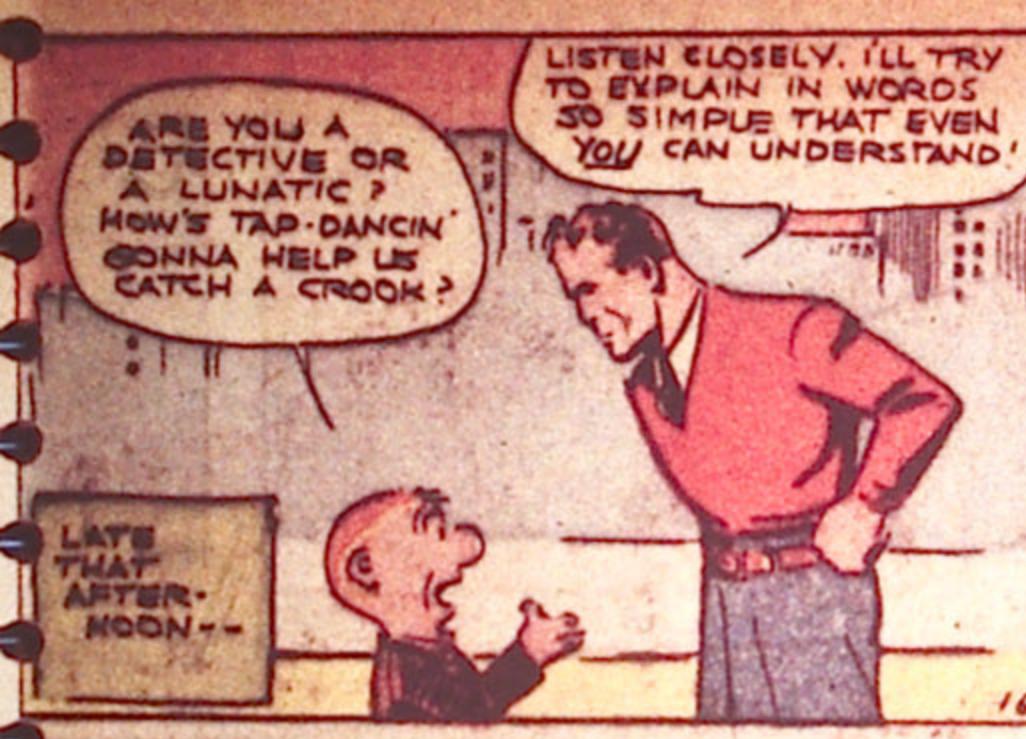
ONE... TWO... TAP.
THREE FOUR...
SKIP...

THIS IS MONSTROUS.
YOU WON'T EVEN LET ME GO OUT FOR LUNCH!

LET UP, SLAM!
I'M SO TIRED
I CAN'T EVEN LIFT A FINGER!

NOT 'TILL WE GET THIS STEP DOWN PAT — 'KEEP DANCING'!





AND SO, SEVERAL EVENINGS LATER THE UNBELIEVABLE ACTUALLY OCCURS!

SLAM AND SHORTY BECOME FULL-FLEDGED HOOFERS!

WHO WAS THAT WIFE I SAW YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?

THAT WASN'T MY WIFE.— THAT WAS A LADY

AT THE CONCLUSION OF THEIR ROUTINE

LISTEN TO THAT APPLAUSE!— BOY, ARE WE SENSATIONAL!

FORGET IT! REMEMBER, OUR REAL PURPOSE HERE IS TO TRACK DOWN THE BROADWAY BANDIT! SAY!

SAY, WHAT?

LOOK OVER THERE, AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE!

WHAT SHORTY'S EYES ENCOUNTER . . .

CHORUS-GIRLS!— SLAM, THIS ASSIGNMENT GETS BETTER AND BETTER EVERY MINUTE!

THAT GIRL ON THE END! WHY SHE'S

WHO?

JUST AS I THOUGHT — JOAN CARTER!

SORRY; YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG PARTY!

SHORTY, TO LOOK AT THIS BEAUTIFUL GAL, YOU'D NEVER GUESS SHE'S THE MOST UNSCRUPULOUS, MERCENARY, DOUBLE-CROSSING PRIVATE DICK WHO EVER JERKED A \$10,000 FEE RIGHT FROM UNDER MY NOSE!

Y MEAN, SHE ACTUALLY BEATS YA OUT ON CASES!

THIS PARTICULAR DAME SPECIALIZES IN TRAILING ME WHILE I'M ON A BIG CASE, THEN STEPPING IN AT THE FINISH AND CLOSING IT HERSELF

OH!
A CHISLER, EH?

WELL, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, MISS CARTER! THIS IS ONE CASE WHERE YOU WON'T CROWD ME OUT!

I SEEM TO HAVE HEARD THAT BEFORE SOMEPLACE! — EXCUSE ME — IT'S TIME FOR THE CHORUS TO GO ON!

BOY!
YA CERTAINLY TOLD HER WHO WAS GONNA SOLVE THIS CASE!

I WISH I REALLY WAS THAT CONFIDENT. — SHORTY . . .

I WANT YOU TO TRAIL HER DAY AND NIGHT! NEVER LET HER OUT OF YOUR SIGHT! — AND IF SHE SLIPS ANYTHING OVER ON US, I'LL BRAIN YOU!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL BE A HUMAN BLOODHOUND! — NO ONE'S GONNA CAPTURE TH' BROADWAY BANDIT BUT US . . . I HOPE

HIDDEN BEHIND SOME NEARBY SCENERY, JOAN CARTER, WHO HAS OVERHEARD EVERY WORD, SMILES ENIGMATICALLY TO HERSELF!

LATER . . .

SLAM SAYS NOT TO LET
HER OUT OF MY SIGHT,
AND, BY GOLLY,
THAT'S JUST WHAT
I'M GONNA DO!

BUT AS JOAN PASSES THRU A DOORWAY,
SHORTY DISCOVERS THAT MALE DETECTIVES
POSSESS LIMITATIONS . . .

WHERE DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
GOING

DRESSING
ROOM

AWAY!
FAR AWAY!

DURING THEIR NEXT NUMBER . . .

ILL BE DOGGONED!
—LOOK WHO'S
SITTIN' IN TH' FRONT
ROW, LAUGHIN' HIS
FOOL HEAD OFF!

SERGEANT GAGE!
HOW'D HE EVER
GET TO NEW YORK?

SERGEANT GAGE, BRUDGE FOE OF SLAM AND
SHORTY, APPEARS TO BE HAVING A LOT OF FUN
AT THEIR EXPENSE

HO! HO! — TOSS
'EM A LILY! AIN'T
THEY TH' SWEET
ONES!

WHEN THEY LEAVE THE STAGE . . .

WHERE YOU GOIN' IN
SUCH A RUSH?

T' TEACH THAT
MUG A LESSON

DURING INTERMISSION, THE AUDIENCE
LOUNGES IN THE THEATRE LOBBY. SERGEANT
GAGE IS ADMIRING SOME EXQUISITE TAPESTRY
WHEN —

SHORTY REJOINS SLAM . . .

WHERE HAVE YOU
BEEN? AND WHAT'S
WRONG WITH YOUR
HAND?

I BEEN
NOWHERE
DOIN' NOTHIN'

WHEN SLAM AND SHORTY AGAIN APPEAR
BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS, SERGEANT GAGE'S
SMILE IS REPLACED BY A FROWN AND A
BLACK EYE!

SMART PUNKS!

LATER --

WE'RE ACCOMPLISHIN' NOTHING PRETTY FAST, SLAM. WHEN DO WE NAB THE CROOK?

WE'VE GOT TO BE PATIENT, SHORTY, THIS SHOW IS PULLING IN HEAVY SUGAR. THE BROADWAY BANDIT IS SURE TO TRY A HOLD UP AND WHEN HE DOES . . .

SHORTY ISN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO IS IMPATIENT

I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS MAN BRADLEY WOULD GET RESULTS!

WE'VE GOT TO GIVE HIM TIME!

THE BROADWAY BANDIT HIMSELF . . .

I'D LIKE A TRY AT "LOVE ON ICE" -- BUT FOR THE TIME BEING, I'D BETTER SIT TIGHT!

UNEVENTFUL DAYS PASS, DURING WHICH IT IS WONDERED WHETHER THE BANDIT WILL STRIKE AGAIN
THEN --

HEY, SLAM! WHADAYUH THINK?

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

WE'VE BEEN FIRED!

MR. FARRELL WON'T PERMIT IT!

I'M ONLY FOLLOWING MR. FARRELL'S INSTRUCTIONS

CAN Y' IMAGINE THAT! FIRING US JUST WHEN WE ALMOST HAD OUR MAN!

BOY, I'M SO SURE THAT IF WE HADN'T ALREADY BEEN FIRED, I'D QUIT!

THAT EVENING --

I LEFT SOME CLOTHES AT THE THEATRE. I'M AFRAID THAT IF I GO, I'M LIABLE TO POKE SOMEONE WILL YOU GO?

I HATE TO DO IT, BUT FOR YOU, PAL, I WILL!

AS SHORTY ENTERS THE THEATRE, HE
NARROWLY MISSES ENCOUNTERING
SERGEANT GAGE!



THE SERGEANT ACCOSTS MISS CARTER . . .



WITHIN THE DRESSING- ROOM . . .



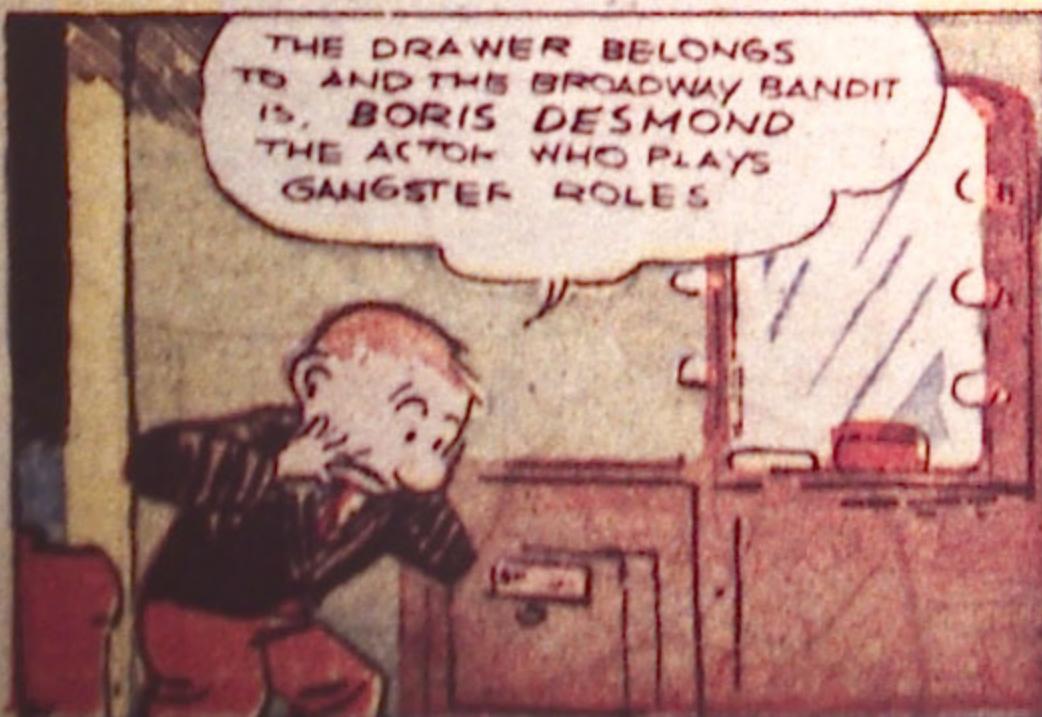
MEMORANDA
JUNE 9 1928

The Broadway
detective,
Fawell

GOSH! THIS MEMORANDA MUST
HAVE BEEN SWIPE FROM THE
MANAGER'S OFFICE BY THE
BROADWAY BANDIT! ALL
I'VE GOTTA LEARN IS WHOSE
DRAWER THIS IS, AND I'LL
KNOW THE BANDIT'S IDENTITY!



THE DRAWER BELONGS
TO AND THE BROADWAY BANDIT
IS, BORIS DESMOND
THE ACTOR WHO PLAYS
GANGSTER ROLES

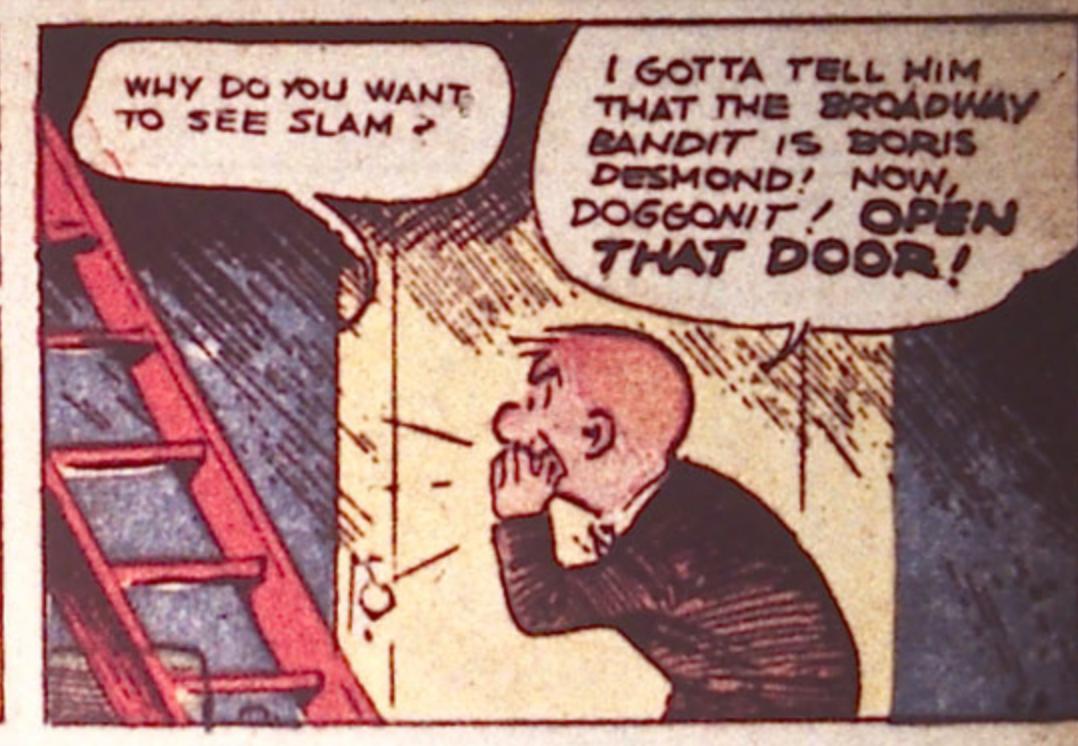
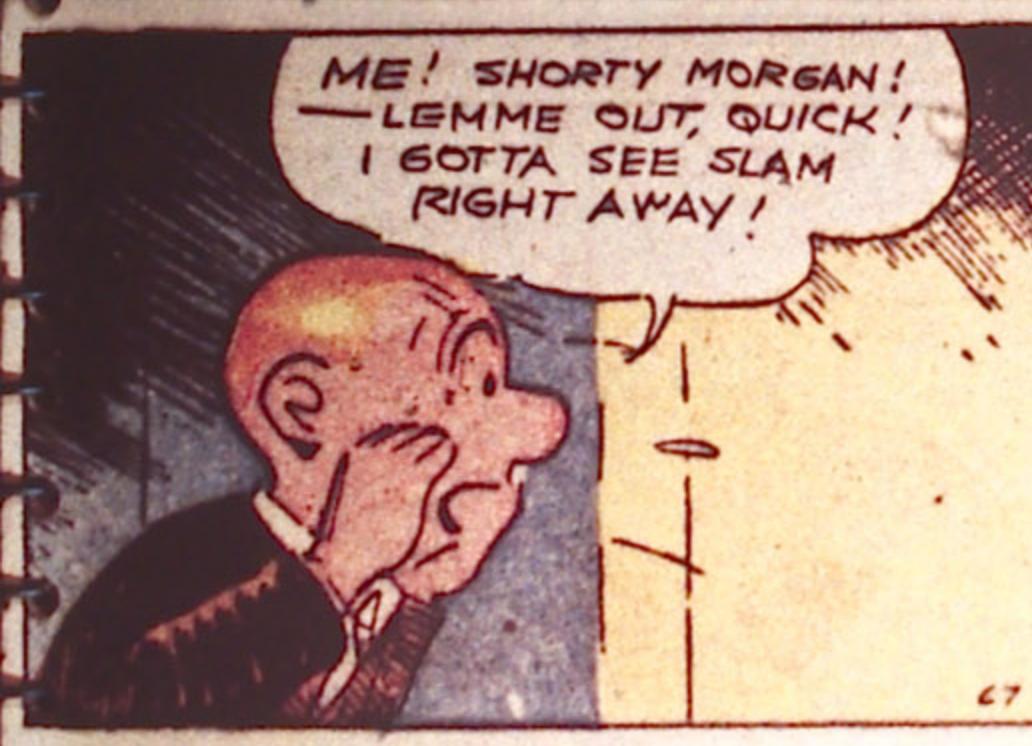
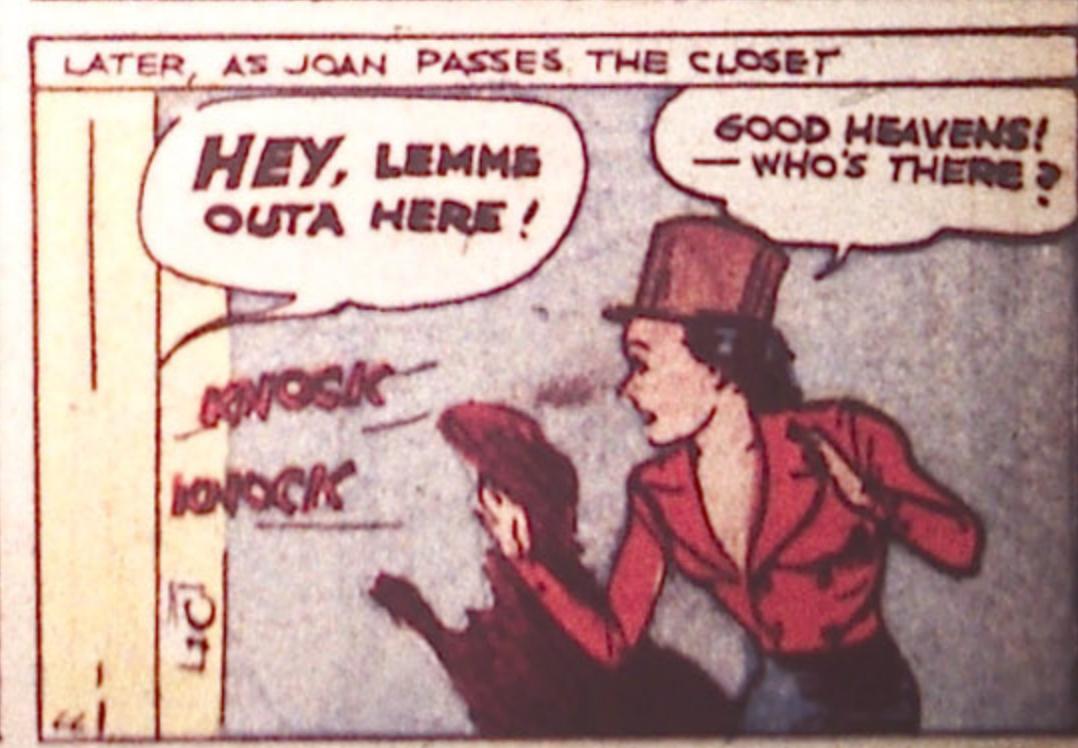
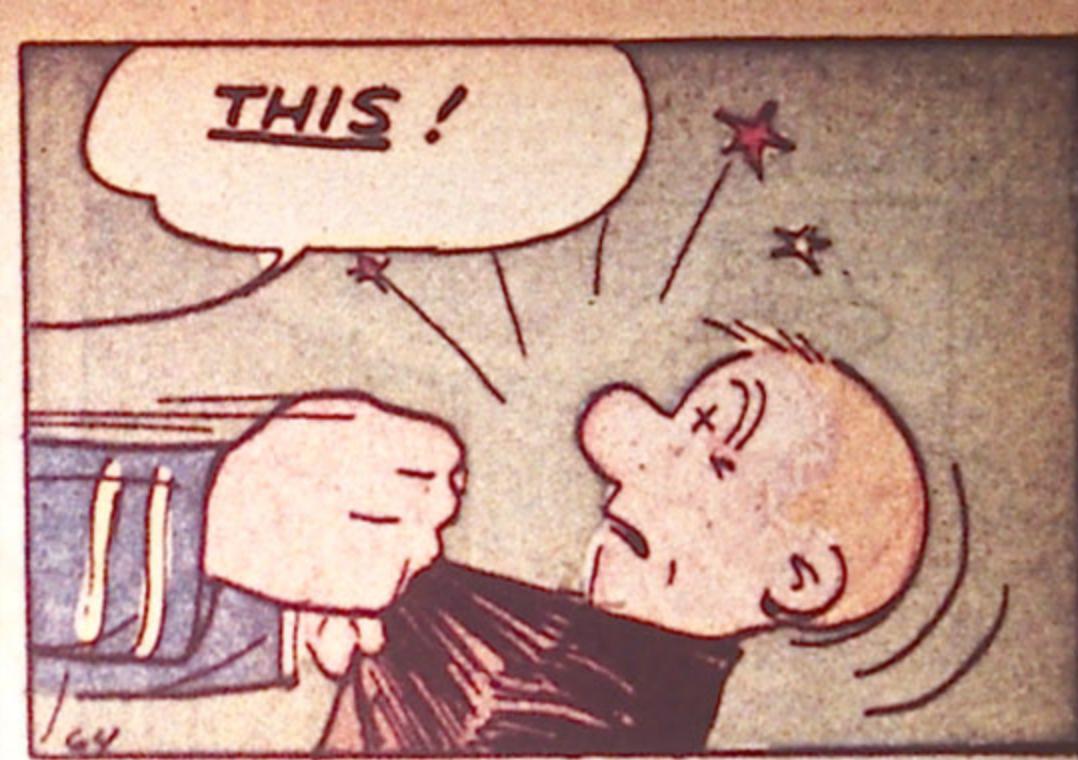


AS SHORTY DASHES FROM THE DRESSING
ROOM, HE COLLIDES, SQUARELY INTO . . .
SERGEANT GAGE!

OH, SO IT'S
YOU!

LET GO OF ME!
I GOTTA SEE
SLAM! IT'S
IMPORTANT!





AT THAT VERY SAME MOMENT, BORIS DESMOND, AN ACTOR FAMOUS FOR HIS IMPERSONATION OF GANGSTERS, ENTERS THE THEATRE -- OUTWARDLY CALM, BUT WITH CRIME TEEMING HIS THOUGHTS!

WITH BRADLEY GONE, ROBBING THE BOX OFFICE WILL BE A CINCH!

SIGHTING DESMOND, JOAN KEEPS HIM UNDER SURVEILLANCE . . .

THE INSTANT HE BETRAYS HIMSELF TO BE THE BROADWAY BANDIT, I'LL STEP IN AND NAB HIM!

WITHIN HIS DRESSING-ROOM, DESMOND DISCOVERS --

SOMEONE'S BEEN RIFLING MY DRAWER! I WONDER IF . . .

SWIFTLY, THE ACTOR PEERS THRU THE REAR CRACK OF HIS DOOR, SIGHTING JOAN!

TAILED! — AND BY A WOMAN! WELL, I'LL SOON ATTEND TO HER!

HER EYES TRAINED ON DESMOND'S DRESSING-ROOM, JOAN IS TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE WHEN TWO STRONG ARMS ABRUPTLY THROTTLE HER FROM BEHIND . . .

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU EVER GUESSED MY IDENTITY -- BUT YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO REVEAL IT TO OTHERS!

MEANWHILE — SHORTY'S SHOUTS HAVE ATTRACTED A WATCHMAN, WHO FREES HIM . . .

WHAT'S TH' IDEA? PLAYING HIDE-AND-GO-SEEK?

DON'T GET ME SORER THAN I AM! — WHERE'S A PHONE?

MAKING A BEE-LINE FOR A TELEPHONE, SHORTY DIALS SLAM'S NUMBER . . .

FER GOSH SAKES! WHY DON'T SLAM ANSWER TH' PHONE? WHY? WHY?

BECAUSE I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU, YA DAFFY LOON!

H HOW DID
YOU GET
HERE ?

Y FOOK SO BLAMED LONG,
I CAME TO SEE, WHAT'S
KEEPING YOU'— WHERE'S
MY BELONGINGS ?

FERGET 'EM'— I GOT
SOMETHIN' REALLY IM-
PORTANT T'ELL YA' SLAM!
THE BROADWAY BANDIT IS
BORIS DESMOND!

79

IF YOU'RE STRININ' ME
I'LL GIVE YOU THE
TANNIN' OF YOUR
LIFE !

LOOK AT TH
EVIDENCE IN THE
DRAWER, AN' SEE
FOR YOURSELF !

AT THE CASHIER'S CAGE . . .

YOU CAN HAND ME
THAT CASH. OR
I'LL BLOW YOUR
BRAINS OUT !

A MOMENT LATER

HELP!
I'VE BEEN ROBBED!
— THE BROADWAY
BANDIT.

A FIGURE LEAPS WITHIN DESMOND'S
DRESSING-ROOM. . . REMOVES IT'S MASK . . .

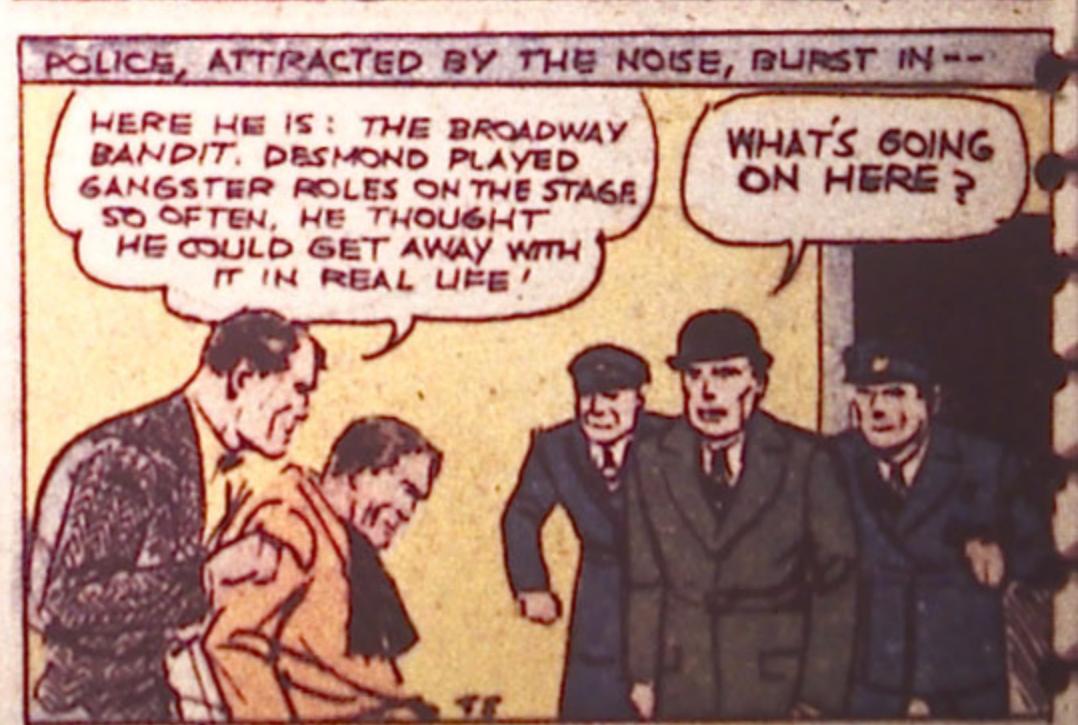
ANOTHER
SUCCESSFUL
STICK-UP! —
AND NOW TO . . .

FINISH OFF THE ONLY
PERSON WHO SUSPECTS
MY TRUE
IDENTITY !

THIS IS OUR
CUE, SHORTY!

ROUGH 'IM
UP, SLAM !



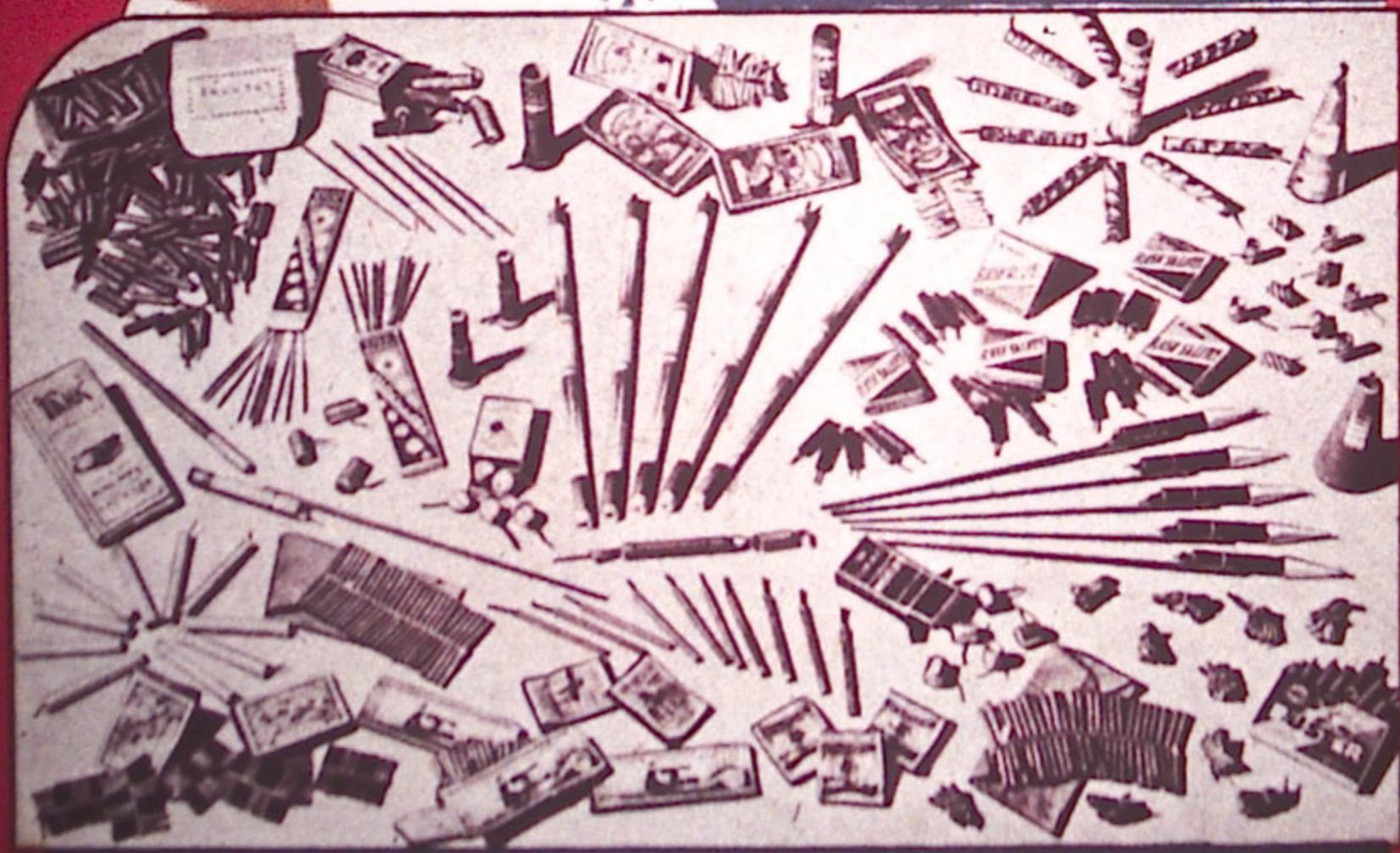


PREVUE OF NEXT ISSUE!

SLAM BRADLEY GETS the AIR!

JUST WHEN SLAM COMPOSES HIMSELF
FOR THE DIFFICULT TASK OF SOLVING
A PUZZLING RADIO MYSTERY, UP POPS
SHORTY'S TWIN-BROTHER, TO REALLY
COMPLICATE THINGS! —
IT'S HOWLARIOUS!

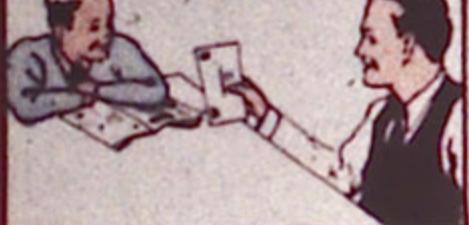




BIG PRIZE CONTEST

BAD THEY SURE HAVE THE FIREWORKS IN THIS CATALOG -- AND GIVE ABOUT TWICE AS MUCH FOR YOUR MONEY

YES YOU'D BETTER MAIL YOUR ORDER RIGHT AWAY



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